INDIAN LEGENDS

WASHBURNE

Robert G. Clifton, II
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INDIAN LEGENDS

By MARION FOSTER WASHBURNE, *author of "Old Fashioned Fairy Tales," with an Introduction, Suggestions to Teachers, and a Bibliography by* ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON

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AN INTRODUCTION

To the Young Reader

THE history of the American Indians, as we know it, begins with the history of the first Spanish, French, and English settlements in the new continent. All that we know of the race before that time is gleaned from the traditions of the Indians themselves. These traditions do not give us the actual dates and facts, which it is one function of history to record, but they do give us an idea of the fundamental racial thought, the instinctive belief, the habits, and the religion of the Indian people, and this is an equally important part of history.

History is dependent upon stories which are told by word of mouth, and upon stories or records that are preserved in writing. Some of the Indian tribes had a form of picture writing, but usually this was very simple and did not go much beyond pictures of a buffalo hunt or of a fight between Indian chiefs such as a small child might make. In other cases, with more civilized tribes, the picture writing was composed of symbols that we call ideographs, and these are very difficult for us to understand, because we have lost the key. We could not read our English books if we did not know the alphabet. This Indian writing, whatever form it took, was recorded on the stone walls of cliffs or cañons, which have been worn away by time, or on single pieces of stone or skin which were not preserved in any way, and we have only a few examples to prove that such a form of writing did exist. But in the stories such as Mrs. Washburne has selected for this book—stories that have been told and retold by succeeding generations—we are able to learn a great deal about the Indian people.

From reading these stories you will very quickly gain an impression of the life the Indians led. It was a life very different from our own. There were no schools or books, railroads, stores, theaters, or churches.

The Indians lived much in the open air. For shelter from the rain or cold they had *wigwams* or *tepees* made of skin or bark. Instead of having railroads the Indians went about on foot; in place of stores and money, they exchanged blankets and skins and maize; and sometimes they used shells or beads for currency, as we use paper money to-day. In place of theaters, they had dances and processions in which the whole tribe took part. In place of schools or books, the Indians learned from their fathers and mothers to weave, or to plow, or to cook, or to make arrows, or to hunt; and they heard the stories of the Man-in-the Sky, of Coyote, or of Scarface from the story-teller of the tribe.

The Man-in-the-Sky, or the Man-Above, was the Indian's name for God. If you have ever spent much time out in the woods or in the fields you will realize how much that expression means. Of course different tribes had different words to express this feeling of reverence and awe, but the feeling itself remained the same. The Indians, as you will find in these stories, knew a great deal about the wild animals of the woods and prairies. It did not seem to them that the animals were much lower in the scale of life than men. Indeed, a great many of the Indian tribes traced their ancestry to some animal. In primitive life, men and animals are united in their struggle against cold, or flood, or hunger; so you will find in Indian stories that men and animals often assume the shapes of one another, and their qualities are readily interchangeable. Coyote is a clever fellow whom we must admire in spite of his scheming, and we cannot help feeling sorry for the Water Monster whose children are stolen from him, even though he does send a flood that causes the children of men and all the animals to go scrambling up through a hole in the sky to the Fifth World! How beautiful, too, are the half-discerned figures of the White God and the Blue God and the Black God, who are friendly both to men and to animals and who are able to blow reeds into being that are as high as the sky and as strong as a wall!

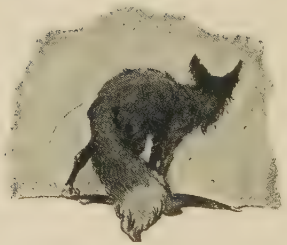
It is very little wonder that the story-teller occupied a position of great honor among the Indians! Sometimes the story-teller was also the medicine man of the tribe, who knew when the rain was coming, or

the best time to plant seeds. Nothing important could be done without first consulting him. And still the story-teller remains for us as the supreme magician. Like Hawt, in the Great World Concert: "He is the master musician of the world! He alone knows the secret voices of our hearts. He speaks for us all, and speaks beyond our power of speaking."

Not all the stories in this book have been taken from a single tribe. Each tribe had its own story-teller and its own collection of stories. Mrs. Washburne has chosen the stories that she thought most interesting, and if you care for these and wish to read other stories about the Indians you will find at the back of this book a list of stories and legends which you may find at the libraries.

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON.

Lake Bluff, Illinois.



There he was, caught fast in the Spiders' webs!

INDIAN LEGENDS

THE FLIGHT FROM THE FOURTH TO THE FIFTH WORLD

(Navaho)

BENEATH this world there were four other worlds. The people who live here now once lived in each of those other worlds. In each one of them they did wrong, and from each one of them they were driven forth.

The first world was red, and the people who lived in it had wings and were something like our locusts and dragon flies. All such insects, as we know them now, are related to those people who began life in the first world. When they were driven forth, they all took to their wings and flew in circles upward until they reached the sky. In the sky they found a hole, and they went through it to the surface of the second world.

The second world was blue, and in that world the Swallow People lived. Their houses, rough and lumpy, lay scattered all around. The houses were pointed at the top and in the point was the hole for entrance. The people from the first world and the Swallow People became good friends and lived together pleasantly and happily. But

after a short time the people from the first world again did wrong and again were driven forth. Again they rose in circles to the sky, found the hole in it, and went up through it to the third world.

The third world was yellow, and the Grasshopper People lived there. They lived in holes in the ground along the banks of a great river. The Grasshopper People were kind to their visitors until they found out how bad they were. Then the people from the first world were driven forth, and for the third time were obliged to seek another world. They rose in circles to the sky, found the hole in it, and went up through it to the fourth world.

The fourth world was black and white, mixed. Here lived strange men who cut their hair square in front, dwelt in houses in the ground, and cultivated the fields.[1] They also were very kind to the people from the first world, and gave them pumpkins and corn to eat. The people from the first world then held a council and made up their minds to be very good, and to do nothing to make their new friends angry.

Here it was that, late in the autumn, the first man and the first woman were made. The people who had come up from the first world had bodies like the gods, but the teeth, feet, and claws of insects. The gods wished to make some people more like themselves. They made the first

[1] Pueblo Indians.

man from an ear of white corn, and the first woman from an ear of yellow corn. The wind blew upon them and gave them life. It is the wind that comes out of our mouths now that gives us life. When it stops blowing, we die. In the skin at the tips of our fingers we see the trail of the wind; it shows us the way the wind blew when our ancestors were created. First Man and First Woman had many children, who married the people of the fourth world, so that soon there was a large tribe. First Man was a chief among them.

One day all the men except Coyote went out hunting. Coyote had hurt his foot and could not go. He limped over to First Woman's lodge, and went in to see her. She gave him a piece of dried meat to eat.

"This is fine meat," said Coyote, gobbling it. "You know how to prepare meat. It must cost you much labor."

"Yes, so it does," said First Woman. "You men do not know how much time it takes to cut and stretch and dry the meat, to say nothing of cooking it and scraping the hides."

She was sharpening her stone knife as she spoke.

"You have the worst of it," said Coyote. "You have to stay at home and watch the fire and sharpen the knives and collect the wood, while the men have the pleasure of the hunt. This day with you is teaching me much."

Coyote was not married.

First Woman went out for wood, and came in again

with a load on her back. She had been thinking over Coyote's words.

"It is so," she said; "no one counts the labor of women. Now First Man has a few days in the forests and mountains, hunting. For many days afterward he will lie before the fire smoking, while I work to preserve the meat he brings. Far into the winter I shall be sewing on the skins. He will eat the food and wear the clothes and think his share in the labor of procuring them has been the greater."

Coyote shook his head as he ate another piece of meat.

"He does not know what a good wife he has," said he.

When the men returned from the hunt First Woman silently took the venison, cut it up with her sharp knife, and cooked it. When it was eaten she told First Man what Coyote had said. She showed him the corn she had been grinding for many days. She pointed to the pile of meat, and told him how hard she must work to prepare it for winter. First Man grunted. He was very tired. He thought he had done well in the hunt. First Woman grew angry, and at last First Man became angry too.

"Perhaps you think, then," said First Man, "that you women can live without the men? Perhaps it was a woman who killed that deer?"

"Certainly we can live without the men," answered First Woman. "We can live on the produce of our fields and on the roots and berries we collect."

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"It is so," she said; "no one counts the labor of women"

First Man was so angry that he jumped over the fire to the other side of the lodge, and would not speak to her again for the rest of the night.

Next morning he called all the men to him, but bade the women stay away. He told the men what his wife had said, and added: "Let us see if they can hunt game and till the fields without our help! Let us see what kind of a living they can make by themselves! Let us go across the river and leave them!"

Some of the young men cried when they were ordered to go and leave their wives behind. Two of them as yet had no wives, but among the women were two maidens whom they loved. These men were ashamed to let their tears show; they swallowed them, but the taste was bitter in their hearts. The maidens, too, had their grief, but they clung together. One of them whispered to the other:

"It is good they have no women with them."

"Yes, that is good," said the other maiden.

At first the crowd of women made merry together. They spent long hours in talking and singing. They told each other how good it was to cook only when it pleased them, and not to be obliged to hurry to make ready for the men returning from the hunt or the field. They kept together most of the time, and braided each other's hair and taught each other pretty tricks of embroidery and weaving. Their laughter rang over the river in the

twilight as they sat sewing and talking together. They sat where the men could see them. They had plenty of corn and pumpkins, grown in the fields the men had planted. Almost all they had to do was to go and gather them. There was plenty of wild fruit, also, and they went together to pluck it.

Then would the two maidens leave the trail and wander in the depths of the woods, sighing and mourning for those whom they loved. But they dared not show their grief. Now and then through the trees they saw some lonely woman gliding along, looking upon the ground. From her eyes dropped shining tears. The maidens hastened to hide themselves; nor did they tell of what they saw.

Day after day went by, and year after year. And though the women huddled so close together and made so much of loving one another, they were very lonely. They wondered if the men across the river were as brave and busy as they looked. They saw them every day going out to hunt, or plowing the fields, or harvesting, or lying around the fire, smoking and resting. Did all this satisfy the hunger of their hearts, the women wondered? Some of them knew it did not; but they sat silent. It was they who crept through the woods and wept. It was they whose husbands had wept on leaving them. It was they whom the two maidens envied, as they watched them beneath their eyelids.

The women did not till the fields well, and year by year their crops grew smaller, while across the river the crops grew larger. The women wandered farther and farther for their berries, and came home tired and hungry. They longed for meat; they could hardly sleep for longing. The sweet taste of the berries was flat in their mouths.

The men had plenty. They shot fine deer, and ducks, and squirrels. As they roasted them before the fire, each one thought of his wife and wanted her—all but First Man. Such times reminded him of First Woman's unjust scolding, and he grew angry again.

Four years passed in this way. In the fourth year the fields of the men once more stood ready for harvest. There was more food than they could store away. Corn and pumpkins lay untouched upon the ground. They wanted to give them to somebody, but there was no one to whom to give them except their wives across the river. They looked across. There was only a little field there, poorly tilled; not a single yellow pumpkin brightened the gray scene. The women no longer sang, nor gathered upon the river bank. They kept themselves hidden in their lodges. At night, when the air was black, the sound of crying floated across the river. The women were starving, and the winter was coming on.

The men could not bear this. First Man himself began to consider the consequences. They held a council

and decided to send a message to the women. If they were ready to yield, the men would bring them across the river, hold a great feast, and start new homes. That night the men all dreamed of eating the food the women had cooked.

Next morning the men rose early, but the lodges on the other side of the river were silent and smokeless. The women slept late to forget their hunger and their sorrow. The white air of the morning was beginning to be blue with noon when a few of them crept forth and went about gathering brushwood for the fires. They were bent with weakness and their steps were slow.

Two of them wandered off into the woods back of the village. These were the two maidens. They went to gather acorns and berries for breakfast. For a long time they had done this for the other women. They liked to do it, because in this way they could be alone. The berries near the village had all been picked. Now they had to go far to find any. Thus it happened that the two maidens were in the distant woods when First Man sent his messenger to the river bank to call the women.

The messenger's cries rose above the noise of the river. The wind carried them to the eager ears of the women, who for four years had listened for such a sound. They all trooped down to the bank to hear what the messenger said—all but First Woman. She stayed in

They liked to do this because they could be alone

her lodge. Her heart longed to go, but she was still proud.

"Where is First Woman?" called the messenger across the river. "Does she still live?"

First Woman heard him. Her heart swelled until it filled her throat. So she was of some importance, after all!

"Yes, she is here," cried the women, all together, their high voices sailing across the river like birds.

They went for First Woman. They pulled her along with them, crying and laughing, scolding and coaxing her. First Woman hung back, but not with all her strength.

At last she stood on the river bank facing the messenger. By this time all the men, except First Man, were behind him. First Woman saw at once that he was not there.

Could he be dead? Her heart sank, and with it some of her pride fell.

"First Woman," called the messenger, "we do not like to see you starving. We would like to help you. But perhaps you do not want our help? Perhaps you think you can get along without us?"

"Where is First Man?" asked First Woman. Her voice was sharp, and it shook a little as it cut its way across the river. "Does he still live?"

"Yes," the messenger shouted, so loud that he started the echoes. "Yes, yes," they all said, all up and down the river.

The women strained their eyes, each searching for one face among those of the men on the other shore.

"Can you get along without us?" called the messenger.

"Say no! Say no!" begged the other women of First Woman.

First Woman was wondering why First Man was not there with the rest.

"No, no!" she called.

"No, no!" the women called, together.

"No, no!" the echoes repeated all down the river.

Everything seemed to be saying it. The men said it over and over, laughing and jumping about like boys.

"No, no, they can't get along without us!" they shouted. The cheeks of some of them were wet. They rushed down

to the great raft they had made and hidden among the rushes. As they stepped upon it, First Man joined them. He could wait no longer. So they all went across and gathered up the women, and brought them to their new homes.

When the two maidens came back from the forest, staggering under their light loads of berries, they found the houses empty and the fires gone out. From the opposite bank came the sound of laughter and singing, but all the people were inside their houses.

"They have gone away and left us!" cried the maidens. They looked across the river. They looked and looked, until the longing in their hearts drew their bodies toward the other shore. They crept down the river bank, still looking; they stepped into the cold water, still looking. Their hearts were so hot with grief and shame, they did not feel the cold of the river. No one came to the opposite bank to look for them. The water grew deeper; they had to swim. Their arms were weak, their bodies heavy. Their heads sank beneath the water. But then they could not watch the shore; so with a mighty effort they forced their heads up again, to look and look—

Thus it was that the Water Monster caught them. Out in the middle of the river, where the water was swift and deep, he caught them both about the body with his thick furred arms and pulled them down to his home beneath the waves.

All this time the young men, their lovers, were going from lodge to lodge, seeking them. They hid the desire of their hearts, for no one yet knew of their love. In each lodge they were feasted; in each they had to express joy and ask many questions about things for which they cared nothing. The one question they did care to ask no one answered well; no one knew what had become of the two maidens.

At last there were no more lodges to search, and they went down to the edge of the black river. On the opposite shore, in the clear gray light, they saw a tall figure standing. It was the White God, he who helps men out of their troubles. He held up two fingers to indicate the two maidens, and pointed downward to the river.

Quickly the two young men ran to a small raft and went across the river to speak to him, but when they reached the farther shore the god was gone. They sought for the trail of the lost maidens and finally found the tracks going to the forest and back again. They saw where the maidens had stood restless on the river bank, where they had slipped going down it, and slipped again on the muddy marge. The tracks went into the water, but alas! the young men knew they did not come out again on the other side.

While they stood looking at the black water, much wishing to follow the maidens into its depths, White God

appeared once more, this time close beside them and no longer alone. His friend, the Blue God, was with him. White God held in his hand a bowl made from a large white shell, and Blue God held another made from a blue shell. They set these spinning on their hands. Faster and faster they spun, until they spun out into the air and down into the center of the river. Blue and white they flashed in the clear gray air, and the black waters whirled open beneath their spinning.

Now there was another watching all this from the opposite shore. This was Coyote. He had no wife, and so he had nothing to do but watch others. He had been going about from lodge to lodge, carrying tales and bragging. Now as he had no more lodges to visit, he had come to the shore in time to see the blue bowl and the white bowl whirling in the black river. He did not see the gods. When the young men on their raft poled out to the center of the river, Coyote, in his canoe, was there before them. All three of them looked into the whirlpool, and saw that it led down to the house of the waters. Where the young men went, there Coyote went also; but they did not notice him. They were looking ahead, looking for the maidens as the maidens had looked for them.

Down the center of the whirlpool they went, into the house of the waters. In the house were four rooms. The room in the east was made of dark waters; they found

nothing there. The room in the south was made of blue waters; they found nothing there. The room in the west was made of yellow waters; they found nothing there. The room in the north was made of waters of all colors; and there they found the two lost maidens.

There, too, was the water monster, stupid under the spell of the gods, his breath lifting his furry sides as he lay close against his two children; but the young men saw neither the monster nor his children. They saw only the two maidens, and the two maidens saw only their lovers. Together, looking into each other's eyes, they passed up the whirling entrance way, out of the many-colored waters into the gray light of the sky.

But Coyote was different. He looked at the Water Monster, and nosed him over, as he lay in the depths of the river, half asleep and heaving. Then he picked up the young of the monster and hid them under his robe. No one saw him do it except the Water Monster himself, lying helpless under the spell of the gods.

Coyote, with his robe wrapped tight about him, got up through the whirlpool just before it closed. He went to his lodge, and there he played with the miserable children of the Water Monster, who were too dry by far in Coyote's earthy house. He liked to tease them, and to think he was not alone in his house; that he had a secret there—a dangerous secret that nobody knew.

The Water Monster swam slowly out to sea, to escape the spell of the gods. And there, where there was no whirling to confuse him, he laid his heavy head upon a rock in the depths of the great waters. There he slowly thought, and slowly resolved how to rescue his children.

Next day the people saw deer, turkey, and antelope running from east to west. Animals of six different kinds—two kinds of hawks, two kinds of squirrels, the humming bird, and the bat—came into their camp as if escaping from some danger. The next day more animals ran past—wild animals that do not usually come near men. For three days this happened. On the morning of the fourth day the people saw a wide gleam along the horizon, and sent out the Locusts to see what made this strange shining. The Locusts flew off with a loud whirring and buzzing of wings, looking like a thin black cloud scattering through the gray air. When the yellow afternoon was changing to the black night, they returned, with a loud clapping of wings.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" cried the Locusts. "There is a great flood of waters coming in from the east. It is coming fast. It is a terrible flood."

The people all gathered together when they heard this, and cried aloud in fear. Night came, but they could not sleep, so fearful were they.

Next morning the waters were as high as mountains,

encircling the whole horizon, except on the west, and rolling on rapidly. The people hastily packed all their things and climbed to the top of the high hill. Here they held a council to decide what they should do.

Some one said that perhaps the Squirrels could help them.

"We will try," said the Squirrels.

One of them planted a piñon seed, and one of them a juniper seed. The seeds sprouted at once and grew fast. The people hoped the trees would soon grow so tall the flood could not reach their tops, and that all might climb into them and be saved. But after the trees had grown a little they began to branch out, and grew no higher.

Then the frightened people called on the Weasels. One of the weasels planted a spruce seed, and one a pine seed. The seeds sprouted at once and grew fast. Again the people began to hope; but again the trees began to branch out, and grew but little higher. The waters were coming nearer every moment, and the people were in great fear.

Now two men drew near the hill. They were strangers. One was old and gray-haired; the other was young. The latter walked first. They went up the hill and passed through the crowd, speaking to no one. The young man sat down on the top of the hill and the old man sat down

One of the weasels planted a spruce seed, and one a pine seed

behind him, facing the east, where the dreadful waters had covered all the land.

"Perhaps our father can do something for us," said the people.

"I cannot," said the old man. "But ask my son; he may be able to help you."

When they asked the son he said he would help them if they would all face to the west and not look at him while he was at work. Then the people faced to the west, and the young man worked silently behind them. The waters were coming on steadily. The people heard the noise of them; they smelled them; but they continued to look toward the west.

In a few moments the young man called them, and

they saw that he had planted thirty-two reeds, each of which had thirty-two joints. As they watched they saw the roots of the reeds reaching out into the soil in all directions, and the reeds themselves growing fast. A moment later all the reeds joined together into one great reed, with a hole in its eastern side.

The people hurried into this hole, scrambling over each other; and when they were all inside, the hole closed. They were not a moment too soon; the hole had scarcely closed when they heard the noise of the surging waters outside. The Turkey was the last to get in. The waters wet the tip of his tail and he gobbled aloud, and the people were frightened again. To this day the ends of the turkey's tail feathers are lighter than the rest, to show where he dragged them in the water.

"Yin, yin, yin!" the waters cried, splashing against the reed.

The waters rose fast, but the reed grew faster. It kept on growing, and soon it grew so high that it began to sway, and the people were afraid it would break. But three of their friendly gods were with them—the White God, the Blue God, and the Black God. The Black God blew a great breath out of the top of the reed, and a black cloud closed up about it and steadied it.

The reed grew higher and higher. Again it swayed and seemed about to break. The people within trembled as

the reed trembled. Again the Black God blew, and again a thick cloud closed up and steadied the swaying reed.

At last it had grown so that it almost touched the sky; but it bent and waved so much the people could not fasten it to the sky. Then the Black God, who was on top, took a plume out of his headband and stuck it out of the reed against the sky. This is why the reeds, to this day, always wear plumes on their heads.

The people were up to the sky now, but they could find no hole in it. First Man and First Woman decided to dig a hole. First they called on the Bear, and told him to dig. He dug and dug with his sharp claws until he was tired out, but he did not get through the sky.

Then Wolf dug until he was tired out, but he did not get through the sky; then Coyote dug until he was tired out, but he did not get through the sky; then Lynx dug until he was tired out, but he did not get through the sky; then Badger dug until he was tired out, and he did not get through the sky.

But while Badger was digging, water began to drip from above; so the people knew he had struck the waters of the upper world, on the other side of the sky, and they sent Locust up. Locust made a sort of tunnel in the soft mud, and came through to the upper world. All locusts make such tunnels to-day, in memory of their ancestor.

The Locust found that he was near a little island in the

center of a lake. The island was faintly green, the waters were faintly blue, and beyond them a wide, flat land stretched out in every direction until it met the sky in a circle. The air did not look as it does at night, nor yet as it does in bright day, but as it does in the early dawn. Neither sun, moon, nor stars lighted the smooth arch of the sky.

Coming toward Locust on the lake were two Water Fowls. One of them was black, and came from the east; the other was yellow, and came from the west. The black Water Fowl said to him:

"Who are you, and whence come you?"

As Locust did not reply, the Water Fowl went on:

"We own half of this world—I in the east, my brother in the west. We give you a challenge. If you can do what we do, we will give you half of the world. If you cannot, you must die."

Each bird had an arrow made of the black wind. Each passed this arrow through his heart and flung it down. Then Locust picked up one of the arrows and passed it through his heart, just as the others had done. When he had flung it down the Water Fowls swam away, one to the east and one to the west.

No sooner had they gone than two other Water Fowls appeared; a blue one from the south and a shining one from the north. They also passed arrows made of the

Then Locust picked up one of the arrows and passed it through his heart

black wind through their hearts and challenged the Locust to do likewise. Again the Locust took an arrow and passed it through his body from side to side. Then the Water Fowls swam away, leaving all the land to the Locust. To this day the holes made in the Locust's sides are plainly to be seen.

The Locust went back and told the people what had happened. But when they tried to follow him they found that the tunnel he had made was too small for them; so they sent the Badger to make it larger. When he came back his legs were stained black with the mud he had dug through; and the legs of all the badgers have been black ever since.

Then First Man and First Woman led the way; all the

others followed, and at last they came through to the surface of this, the fifth world.

First Man and First Woman looked about, and noticed the broad sky, and the land flat on every side.

"We will make mountains here, by and by," they told each other. "It will be good work for our people. This land is too open. There is no place in it to take shelter. And everything is alike. We will change it."

And they did. That is why the Lake of the Emergence now lies among high mountains. The First People made these mountains in the first days, and fastened them in place with bolts of lightning, a great stone knife, sunbeams, and rainbows.

In their turn the two young men and the two maidens came up. They saw the blue of the lake and the little silver ripples. They saw the trees on the island and the shadowy places under vines. They saw the birds' nests hidden in the leaves. They thought it a pleasant world.

But now the people saw water rising in the tunnel. It was boiling up the long tube. They again held council, but knew not what to do to ward off this new danger. At last First Man rose to speak. He pointed to Coyote and said:

"That man is a rascal. There is something wrong about him. I have watched him, and I have noticed that he never takes off his robe, even when he sleeps. I

believe he has stolen property under his arm. Perhaps it is for his sin that we are punished."

They tore the robe from Coyote, and the soft, furry young of the Water Monster dropped out from it. Quickly the people picked them up and threw them into the hole through which the waters were climbing. In an instant the waters sucked back with the little creatures in their grasp, and rushed away with a deafening noise into the fourth world, leaving the people safe above.

At first the sky in the fifth world was like that in the other four worlds. It was white in the east, blue in the south, yellow in the west, and black in the north. First Man and First Woman thought they could make some lights that would make the earth brighter than this. They thought about it a long time, and talked it over with each other. At last they decided to make the sun and the moon.

For the sun they took a clear stone and shaped it until it was a perfect circle. At first they thought of putting five points on it, as they afterward did on the stars, but they finally decided to make it round. They set turquoises all around its edge, and outside of these they put rays of red rain and rays of lightning, and set snakes of many kinds twisting out from it. When it was done the Wind of the East begged that it be brought to his country; so they dragged it to the edge of the land where he dwelt. There they gave it to the young man who had planted the

great reed for them in the fourth world. They gave it to him to carry, as a reward.

Next they made the moon. First they took a piece of crystal and shaped it round like the sun, only smaller. They bordered it with white shells, and drew over its face sheet lightning and all kinds of waters. They gave it to the old gray-haired man whose son had made the great reed in the fourth world, and bade him carry it across the sky.

When these two men were about to go away to begin their long labor, the people began to weep and wail, for they loved them for their kindness in an hour of trouble, and were sorry to lose them. But First Man said:

"Mourn not for them; you will see them in the heavens, and all who die will go to them there."

COYOTE AND THE BEAR MAIDEN

(*Navaho*)

Part I

SOON after the first days a very beautiful maiden lived in a lodge with her eleven brothers. She had the north end of the lodge to herself. Here she kept her cooking utensils and her materials for basket making and cloth weaving. The eleven brothers slept at the south end, the eldest near the door.

The brothers were mighty hunters, and the lodge was always well supplied with meat, so they had many visitors. The visitors made themselves rough lodges of branches near by, and stayed for many days at a time. The maiden cooked for them, and cooked well. Many asked her in marriage, but she refused them all. She set them tasks that were too hard for any man to do; but nevertheless they tried, and when they failed they stole away in silence and came no more.

Coyote heard about this. He made up his mind that he would try for the maiden. So he, too, went to see her. He had a fine manner, and walked with his head high. He expected people to take him for a god, and sometimes

"What must a man do to win you?" he asked

they did. He was beautifully dressed. He had a nice otter-skin quiver, and his face was painted in spots.

The maiden greeted him politely when he came into her lodge. She sat weaving baskets, but she noticed, out of the corner of her eye, how good looking he was and how well dressed.

"Why have you refused so many men who have wanted to marry you?" asked Coyote, after a while.

"They could not win me," answered the maiden.

"What must a man do to win you?" he asked.

"Why should I tell you?" said she. "They are very hard tasks. You could not do them."

"I can do many things," said Coyote. And he sat boasting, telling how he had chased the deer to the

Humming-bird Men; how he had kept the children of the Water Monster in his lodge for pets; how he had spent an afternoon with the Tsidi Birds, playing ball with his own eyes and catching them in the sockets again.

"It made them a little yellow, being handled so much," said he, blinking at the fire. But he did not tell how the Humming-bird Men had enticed him over the ledge to kill him; or how the angry birds had kept his eyes from him and given him eyes of yellow gum instead; or how he had brought the great flood upon the people of the fourth world because he stole the children of the Water Monster. He kept these things and many others to himself.

"Now tell me what these tasks of yours are," he said at last. "You see, I have already done great things. I shall do them again."

"There is no use telling you," said the maiden. "These are harder things than any you have done. You could not do them."

"Let me try," begged Coyote. "The Tsidi Birds said I could not play with them, but I did. Tell me what I must do, and then see me do it. It will be a fine sight."

Four times he asked her, and the fourth time she answered:

"For one thing, I will marry no man who has not killed at least one of the Alien Gods and brought me the tokens. You have told me many things, but not one so big as that."

Coyote rose and shook himself.

"I will tell you about that when I come back," he said.

Near by lived one of the Alien Gods called Brown Giant. He was half as tall as the tallest pine tree. He was cruel and wicked. Everyone for miles around lived in fear of him. The maiden and her eleven brothers were not glad to have him for a neighbor. But no one had yet been able to kill him, though he had killed many.

Coyote went up to him politely.

"I have come to offer myself to you for a servant," he said. "I can run fast and jump far. I can run after your enemies and help you catch them. I can jump over four bushes at one bound."

"My cousin," said Brown Giant, "you appear well. You have a good manner. You may be my servant if you like."

Coyote looked about him as if in search of something.

"Where is your sweat house?" he asked. "I should like to take a sweat, to make myself very limber and quick for your service."

"I have no sweat house," growled Brown Giant.

"Let us make one, then," said Coyote. "I will help you and show you how. You will see how fresh and young a good sweat bath makes you feel."

So they went to work to make a sweat house. But Coyote did not do much of the work. He showed Brown

Giant how to make a hole in the ground, how to make the framework of sticks above it, pointing toward the center, and how to cover the framework with bark, grass, and finally with earth.

"Make the earth thick all over it, so the heat will not escape," he commanded. While Brown Giant was busy doing this, half hidden in the dust he raised, Coyote slipped away and looked around until, among the many bones the giant had spread about, he found a long thigh bone. He hid this under his shirt and went back to the giant.

"That is good," he said, looking at the low house the giant had built. "We can certainly make fine houses, you and I. Now we must cover the floor with leaves, and start the fire."

They did so. They built a fire on the ground in front of the house. In this they heated great stones, and carried them into the sweat house. Before the doorway Coyote hung four blankets of sky, one white, one blue, one yellow, and one black. Then they took off their clothes, went into the dark house, and sat down in the heat.

It was very hot. The stones glowed a dull red in the center of the darkness. The green leaves shriveled in the heat, and the perspiration streamed from the bodies of the two men lying there panting.

"There is a secret about being a fast runner," said Coyote. "There is magic in it. I know this secret as I

know many others. I know much magic. Listen now, and I will teach you what you must do. You must cut your leg to the bone, and then break the bone. It will heal in a minute, and you will be much fleeter and stronger than you were before. I have often done it myself. I will do it now. Each time I do it I grow stronger and can run faster."

In the dark, Brown Giant heard the clatter of the great stone knife as Coyote lifted it.

"It takes a brave man to do this," said Coyote. "But then only a brave man ought to be swift and strong. Ah—ah! Often as I do it, I cannot quite keep from crying out. Oh! There, it is cut. Now to break the bone."

A sharp noise cracked through the hot air. Coyote had broken the bone he had brought with him. He made Brown Giant feel the fractured ends of it, guiding his hand in the dark.

"It is well broken—a little splintered, but that will do no harm. It will grow together again in a few days, and then you will see me leap and run. That will be a sight indeed. This time I shall be able to jump over eight bushes at a time. It is no wonder I am the swiftest runner in the world. Even if many knew my magic, only a few would be brave enough to practice it."

Then he slyly threw away the old bone, rubbed spittle on his leg, prayed over it, and sang.

"Tohe (Heal together)! Tohe! Tohe!" he chanted. At last he guided Brown Giant's hand to his leg again.

"See how smooth and solid it is!" he said. "There is not even a scar. But you had better not try this. It is too hard. You will not be able to stand the hurt. Let me run and jump for you."

"No, indeed," said Brown Giant. "I have enemies. Could you run away from them for me? You are not the only brave man in the world. I am as brave as you now, and I shall soon be as fleet."

With that he took the stone knife from Coyote, and slowly began to cut his thigh. He wished to suppress all signs of pain, but in spite of himself the tears came, and at last loud howls. But he worked on, and presently Coyote heard the snap of the breaking bone.

"Tohe! Tohe! Tohe!" the giant cried, as Coyote had done; but the bone remained broken.

"Cousin!" he cried. "Come and heal this bone for me. I do not pray right. Show me what is wrong."

But Coyote had him, now, where he wanted him. He ran out of the sweat house, picked up his arrows, and shot them into the helpless man. At last Brown Giant lay dead in his sweat house, his leg broken and bleeding, and many arrows in him. Through the lifted sky curtains at the doorway the light shone in on him.

Coyote scalped him as he lay, and tied the big yellow

scalp on the end of a broken branch of a cedar tree. He knew the maiden would recognize the scalp, for in those days none but the gods had yellow hair. Then he took the giant's weapons and, staggering under their weight, went back to the maiden. He threw the trophies at her feet as she sat weaving baskets. The yellow hair of the scalp lay in her lap.

"Now you must marry me," shouted Coyote. "I have done what you told me to do. What you thought too much for gods to do, Coyote has done. Coyote has won his bride." He danced and whooped outside the lodge.

The maiden watched him under the door flap.

"No, not yet," she said. "I have not told you all you must do to win me. You must be killed and come to life four times."

This was not so bad for Coyote, for he kept his vital principle in the tip of his nose and the end of his tail. Many times he had been killed and come to life again. Nevertheless he made difficulties.

"Are you telling me the truth?" he asked. "Is this all that you require? If I do this, will you marry me?"

"I speak only the truth," said the maiden.

Four times he asked, and four times she made the same reply.

"Here I am," said Coyote then. "Do with me as you will."

She took him a little distance from the camp, laid him on the ground, and beat him with a great club until she thought she had smashed every bone in his body. But she had not smashed the point of his nose or the tip of his tail. Then she went back to her work. She had four baskets to weave, and she was very busy.

Soon Coyote came walking in at the door.

"Here I am," he said. "I have won the first game. Now there are only three more to win."

The maiden went on with her weaving, and thought awhile. Then she rose, and took Coyote off farther than before. She pounded him very carefully, until he was all in little bits, but two of these bits were the uninjured point of his nose and the tip of his tail. Again she went back to her work.

Soon Coyote came walking in at the door.

"Here I am," he said. "I have won two games. Now there are only two more to win."

The maiden went on weaving in silence. Her heart trembled within her for fear she was captured at last. But she rose and took him still farther away. She pounded him into a shapeless mass and laid the mass on a great rock and pounded it still finer. Next she scattered the pieces far and wide. Still she had not injured the point of his nose and the tip of his tail. It took Coyote longer than before to gather himself together. She had done

quite a piece of her weaving when Coyote came walking in at the door.

"Here I am," he said. "I have won three games. Now there is only one more to win."

This time she led him a long distance before she pounded him. She mixed the pieces with earth, and ground the mixture between stones, like corn, until it was a fine powder. She scattered this powder far and wide. But among the grains of powder were still uninjured the point of Coyote's nose and tip of his tail. She went back to her lodge and worked a long time without hearing or seeing any one. She thought she had conquered Coyote at last, and was sorry. She began to think how brave he had been and how neatly he had dressed. He was a boaster, but he seemed to be able to make his boast good. Much of the basket was done, and she was weaving rather slowly, when again Coyote came walking in at the door.

"Here I am," he said. "I have won four games, and I have won you."

She could not deny it, and he sat down beside her as she wove. He stayed all the afternoon. At sunset they heard the sound of footsteps. She said:

"There are my brothers. Some of them are of an evil mind, and may do you harm. You must hide yourself."

She hid him behind a pile of skins, and told him to keep quiet.

When the brothers came in they said to their sister:

"See the fat young venison we bring you. Make a fire now, and we will all eat well. And boil some of the fat in the pot, for we want to grease our faces. They are burned with the sun and the wind."

The maiden built a good fire and put the meat over to cook. The brothers lay around the fire, tired, waiting for their supper. First one and then another sniffed the air.

"What is this we smell?" said they. "Is there some one else in the house? We smell some animal."

Three times they asked this question, but their sister was silent. At the fourth question Coyote jumped out from behind the pile of skins into the middle of the lodge.

"It is I, my brothers-in-law," said he.

The brothers were very angry. Who was this, who first hid like a sneak and then faced them like a boaster? Was this the sort of suitor their sister preferred—she who had rejected so many good huntsmen and strong warriors? Why had she concealed him? Was she ashamed of him and afraid of them?

"Run out there!" cried the brothers in a threatening manner. And turning to their sister, they said:

"You, too, run out with him!"

Coyote went out jauntily with his wife. As he passed the fire he took a brand from it to light his own fire. He

broke branches from the trees outside and built a shelter for himself and his wife. When it was done, she went back to her brothers' lodge and took out her pots, her four awls, her skins, her baskets, and all her property, and carried them to her new home.

She and Coyote sat side by side near the fire. She felt a little lonely and humiliated. This was not the way she had pictured her wedding day. She put her hand on Coyote's knee, but he pushed it away without speaking.

She sat looking at her hand and wondering. Why had he done that? Was she not his wife? Was she not the most beautiful woman in the world? She reached out her hand again; but again Coyote pushed it away.

She sat looking at her hand. It was brown and straight and good to look at. It could sew well, and weave well, and cook well. It was the hand of his wife. To win it he had dared the Brown Giant and four times suffered death. It must be he was grieved that her brothers had turned him out. Again she put her hand on his knee; but again Coyote pushed it away.

She could not understand this. She looked at him and studied him. He sat staring and scowling at the fire. He looked very cross. She was half afraid of him. He was all she had, now. It would not do to have him cross. They must be friends and stand together against her brothers.

After a long time she thought he scowled less, and again she stole her hand toward him. It was the magical fourth time, and something must come of it. Sure enough, Coyote spoke. He snarled in his throat.

"I have sworn to take no woman for a wife until I have killed her four times," he said.

Now it was the woman's turn to sit silent, gazing at the fire. At last she said:

"Here I am. Do with me as you will."

Then Coyote treated her exactly as she had treated him. Four times he pounded her to pieces, and scattered the pieces far and wide. Remembering his own vital spots he left no part of her uninjured. He did not know that her vital principle was not in her body at all, and that nothing he could do to her body would destroy her.

When she returned for the fourth time she and Coyote were good friends. They knew they were well matched. They sat long over the fire, talking in low tones. Coyote told her much of his magic, and she listened closely, admiring him. But she never told him the secret of her vital principle.

Outside their shelter the youngest brother tried to hear what they said. At home he told his brothers about it.

"They are friends," he said, "and they tell each other many things. I could not hear them all, but all I did hear was evil."

Next morning the brothers were getting ready to go hunting again when Coyote came into the lodge.

"It is a fine morning, brothers-in-law," said he. "We shall have a good hunt to-day."

"Go back," said the brothers, taunting him. "Your wife may be lonely and want some one to talk to. Why should you leave her?" And they chased him out of the lodge.

But as they were about to leave, Coyote came again.

"Come, now, brothers-in-law," he said, "you have had your little joke. I don't mind it. I will go with you, just the same."

"No, no!" they said. "The woman will want you to carry wood for her. You must stay at home and help her. Go away now."

They set off on their journey without him, but they had not gone far when he overtook them.

"We are out of sight of the woman, brothers-in-law," said he. "Now there is no use teasing me. See, I have brought my bow and arrows. They are wonderful weapons, and you will see what a good hunter I am."

The brothers made no answer. They merely turned and chased him back. They traveled on until they came to a deep cañon bordered with steep cliffs, and here they discovered that Coyote was skulking along behind them. Ten of the brothers were very angry, but the youngest brother laughed.

"Oh, let him stay," he said. "We can use him to drive game toward us." After a little argument they decided to do this, and let Coyote follow on.

Before long they wished to cross over to the other side of the cañon, but there was no bridge. Down in the cañon lived some unfriendly people; so they did not care to descend into it. They consulted together for a few minutes, and at last decided to make a rainbow bridge.

They went through their magic rites. The air began to quiver with color. The fine colors floated around everywhere for several minutes, clung together, settled into place, and there stood a shining bridge above the chasm, arching from rock to rock.

Coyote leaped out upon it with a great bound, and began to jump and run on it. "What a fine place to play!" he said.

He thought to himself how splendid he must look, bounding along on the rainbow bridge, high above the dark cañon.

By and by they came to a mesa, or table-land, thrust out over a lower plain. A narrow neck of land joined it to the plateau on which they stood. All around the mesa were steep rocks. The neck of land was the only entrance.

Here they saw the track of Rocky Mountain sheep that had gone over the neck on to the mesa. They built a fire at the entrance, sat down near it, and sent Coyote

to drive out the sheep. In a few minutes they saw the sheep come running, Coyote chasing them. They drew their arrows to the head and shot all four of them. Then Coyote lay down beside the fire, proud and happy.

In those days the horns of the Rocky Mountain sheep were fat and fleshy and could be eaten. The eldest brother said:

"The horns are my share."

"No," said Coyote; "I found the sheep and drove them. The horns shall be my share."

The eldest brother drew out his knife and began to cut one of the horns. As he did do, Coyote cried out:

"Tsinantlehi! Tsinantlehi! Tsinantlehi!"—which means, "Turn to bone!"

Each time he cried the horn grew harder so that the knife slipped, hacking but not cutting it. This is why the horns of the Rocky Mountain sheep are now hard and not fleshy. To this day they bear the marks of the hunter's knife.

Then the brothers gathered the meat into a bundle and tied it on Coyote's back.

"Carry it home for us!" they commanded. "And go around the cañon. The rainbow bridge has faded, and we shall not build another for such a bad hunting companion as you are. Don't go down into the cañon, for if you do you will fall among evil people."

But Coyote had no mind to take the long journey around the cañon with such a heavy load on his back. He went to the edge of the cañon and looked down. There he saw some birds playing a strange game. They rolled stones down the long slope that reached from the foot of the cliff to the end of the valley, and as the stones rolled the birds rode upon them without losing their balance. This was too much for Coyote. He unbound his pack and ran down into the valley.

"Let me play too!" he shouted. "You will see how soon I shall learn! Maybe I can teach you a trick or two!"

They rolled a stone gently for him, and he stood upon it, balancing himself so surely and quickly that he rolled to the bottom of the slope without injury.

"What did I tell you!" he cried, jumping around for joy. "I knew I could do it! Roll me another stone!"

The birds rolled another, and again he rode safely.

"Another!" he called out. "Roll me another!" And once more they rolled a stone.

But the fourth time he called they became angry. Why should he order them about? They rolled the stone, indeed, but with such force that Coyote lost his balance, and he and the stone rolled over and over each other to the bottom of the slope, Coyote screaming and yelping all the way down.

He did not go back again, but traveled on through the

"I knew I could do it! Roll me another stone"

valley. At the lower end Coyote saw some Otters playing the game of nanzoz. They played it with a hoop and two long poles, and they bet their skins on the game. When one of the Otters lost the game and forfeited his skin, he jumped into the water and came out with a new skin.

"That is a great game," said Coyote. "I know it well. Let me show you how to roll that hoop."

The Otters had heard what a rascal Coyote was, and at first they would not let him play, but he begged so hard that at last they yielded. He bet his beautiful smooth skin, as thick as the Otters' own, and lost it. The moment he lost it the Otters fell upon him and began to strip it off, beginning at the root of the tail and pulling forward.

When they came to the vital spot at the point of his nose his cries were terrible.

When at last he stood shivering without his skin he jumped into the water as the Otters had done. But no; his skin did not come back to him. Again he jumped skinless into the water. Again and again he came up skinless.

At last he was all tired out, and lay down in the water, silent. Then the Otters took pity on him and pulled him out. They drew him to a badger hole, threw him in, and covered him with earth. When he dug his way out he was again covered with hair, but it was no longer the glossy coat he once wore. It was coarse and rough, much like that of the badger. Such a coat the coyotes have worn ever since.

Even this did not cure him. He had changed his skin but not his nature. He went around asking every one to play with him, and offering to bet his skin again.

"Your skin!" they jeered at him. "Who would play for such a skin as that? Get out!"

Coyote grew angry. He went off to a safe distance and began to abuse the Otters shamefully.

"You are cowards!" he said. "You boast much, but do nothing. Your women are no good. They have flat heads; their eyes are little; their teeth stick out; they are ugly. But I, I, Coyote, have a bride as beautiful as the sun."

He shook his foot at them to show he could run faster

than they could. He danced up to them, and when they tried to chase him he danced away. When they had quieted down he stole up to them and began again to taunt them. After a while he got upon a cliff and reviled them until the valley rang with his insulting words.

The Otters held council among themselves and decided they could stand mockery no longer. They sent word to the chief of the Spiders, who lived farther up the valley, telling him what had happened, and asking for aid.

The Spiders made a good plan. They crept up the bluff and went around behind Coyote. He was so busy scolding that he never noticed them. There they wove strong nets among the trees and bushes. Still without rousing him, they went back and told the Otters what they had done.

Now the Otters began to charge up the bluff upon Coyote. As before, he let them come quite near, shaking his foot at them and laughing to think how easily he could escape them. When they were almost upon him he leapt back—and there he was, caught fast in the Spiders' webs!

He howled aloud as the Otters pounced upon him. Down to the foot of the hill they dragged him and there they killed him. Even the vital spots did not escape, for the Cliff Swallows flew to the bottom of the cañon and tore him in pieces. These pieces they carried to their nests, and there they ate them. They saved only a few strips

of his skin, which they bound about their heads as trophies. To this day the cliff swallows all wear such bands upon their heads, in token that they, of all creatures, finally disposed of Coyote.

Part II

The eleven brothers did not reach home until night. No Coyote was there, and they wondered what had become of him. Soon after they had gone into the lodge their sister came and looked over the door curtain. She searched the lodge with her eyes, and looked questioningly at them. They did not speak until she had done this four times, when the eldest brother said:

"Go home, and go to sleep. Don't worry about that rascally husband of yours. He is not here, and we don't know where he is, nor where our meat is that he ought to have carried home. Because we warned him not to go, we suppose he has gone down into the cañon and has been killed there."

The sister did not quite believe them.

"What have you done with him?" she asked, and went away angry.

Again the youngest brother followed her to her lodge to see what she would do. This is what he saw:

At first she pretended to go to sleep, but at last she arose and sat facing the east. In turn she faced the south,

west, and north, moving as the sun moves. Next she pulled out her right eyetooth, and inserted one of her awls in its place, making a great tusk where the little tooth had been. Then she opened her mouth to the east, south, west, and north, and pulled out her left eyetooth. In its place she inserted another awl. Again she opened her mouth to the east, south, west, and north, and pulled out her right dogtooth. She inserted an awl in its place. A fourth time she opened her mouth to the east, south, west, and north, and pulled out her left dogtooth. Her fourth awl she inserted in its place.

As she began pulling out her teeth, hair began to grow upon her hands, and as she went on it spread up her arms and her legs until she was covered with a shaggy coat. Still she moved about, as the sun moves, opening her mouth to the east, south, west, and north. As she moved, her ears began to wag, her nose turned into a snout, her teeth gnashed against each other, her nails grew into claws, and she walked her lodge a bristling bear.

Her brother watched her until dawn, and then, fearing the terrible creature might discover him, he went home and told the other brothers all that he had seen.

"This must be some of the magic that Coyote taught her," said they.

A moment later they heard the rustling of a bear, and a she-bear rushed past the lodge, cracking the branches

as she went. She followed the trail Coyote had taken the day before, and disappeared in the woods.

At night she crept back to her lodge, groaning, and covered with wounds. All day she had been in the cañon, fighting those who had killed Coyote. Her brothers saw a light in her lodge, and they peeped in to see what would happen. First she would walk around the fire — east, south, west, north. Then she would pull an arrowhead out of her body and heal the wound. Again and again she did this, until all the arrows had been drawn out and all the wounds healed.

Next morning the Bear Woman again rushed past the lodge of her brothers and disappeared in the woods. All day she fought, and at night returned to her lodge, groaning, and covered with wounds. All night she walked around the fire — east, south, west, north — drawing out the arrowheads and healing her wounds.

For four days and four nights she did this. At the end of the fourth day she had conquered all her enemies. Many she had killed, and the others she had scattered. The Swallows flew up into the high cliffs, the Otters hid themselves in the water, the Spiders crept into holes in the ground, and in such places these creatures have had to live to this day.

The brothers feared their turn would come next, so they decided to go away — all, that is, but the youngest

brother. He decided to stay at home. The other ten divided into four bands. One band traveled to the east, another to the south, another to the west, and another to the north. The youngest brother was at home alone.

But he was not left friendless. Two holy ones, Niyol the Whirlwind, and Pesasike the Knife Boy, came to help him. They dug a hole for him under the center of the lodge, and roofed it over with four flat stones, one white, one blue, one yellow, and one black. On top of these they put earth, smoothing and tramping it until it looked like the floor of the lodge.

Before putting him in the hole they gave him four weapons—the chain-lightning arrow, a stone knife, the rainbow arrow, and the sheet-lightning arrow. They also gave him two advisers, Niltsi the Wind, to whisper in his right ear and warn him of any danger by day; and Tsalyel, darkness, at his left ear, to warn him by night.

Now when the Bear Woman came to look for her brothers she could not find them. She padded about from place to place, seeking them. At last she had to resort to magic. She poured water on the ground, and watched to see which way it flowed. It spread in a little shining circle on the level earth; a drop oozed out toward the east; another followed, and another, and another, until a little stream was trickling eastward. The Bear-Woman rushed after it, slapping the water to left and right with her great

At last she had to resort to magic

flat feet. Slap, slap, the sound fell upon the ears of the three brothers who fled from her to the east. Slap, slap, she was upon them, and had killed them all three.

With her head hanging low and swinging from side to side, she plodded back to the deserted lodge. Again she poured water upon the level ground. This time it flowed to the south. She followed after, steady and fierce, until she found the three brothers who had fled from her to the south. In the south she slew them, all three.

Again she swung up the bed of the little stream back to the old camp. Again she poured water on the level earth. This time it oozed, trickled, flowed to the west. Again she slapped the water from left to right as she followed after, her heavy body swaying from side to side, her heavy

head hanging and swinging, her heavy heart set on the murder of her brothers. At the west she found three more of them. In the west she slew them, all three.

The fourth time the water flowed to the north. Here she found one man alone and unable to resist her; she slew him in the north.

For the fifth time she poured water on the ground. It sank straight down into the earth. So then she knew the eleventh brother must be somewhere about the old camp. She lunged in and out of all the ruined huts, where once her lovers and guests had stayed, eating of her food and admiring her. But in none was her brother to be found. Nearer she came to the lodge that had been her own home — nearer — until at last that was the only lodge she had not searched. Now she entered it. The youngest brother heard the thud of her paws above his head, and felt the jar of her weight as she moved about, looking for him. He heard her scratching around the walls of the lodge, scratching nearer the center, scratching just above his hiding place. Here the earth was soft, because it had been disturbed so recently, and she threw it rapidly to one side, digging her way down to him. Soon she came to the stones. She tore them away, and there, crouching under them, but looking her fair in the eyes, she saw her last brother.

"I greet you, my youngest brother," said she. "Come, take my paw, and I will pull you out of that."

But Wind told him not to accept her aid. If he did, she would throw him violently up into the air, and when he fell half dead at her feet, he would be at her mercy.

Therefore he got up without her help, and climbed out of the hole on the east side, and began to walk toward the east. She lurched after him with a savage growl, but he calmly faced her and said:

"It is I, your youngest brother."

Then she tried coming up to him in a coaxing way, as a dog when he wants to make friends; and in this way she was leading him back toward the deserted lodge, when Wind again whispered in his ear:

"We have had sorrow there; let us not go back toward the lodge."

Ever since, the Navahos have refused to live in a house in which a death has taken place.

"Come," then said the Bear Woman, "sit with your face to the west and let me comb your hair as I used to do."

It was now late in the afternoon, and Wind whispered:

"Beware of her! Sit with your face toward the north, that you may watch her shadow and see what she does. It was in this way that she killed your brothers."

They both sat down, she behind him. She began to untie his long hair, and to comb it. Soon he noticed that the shadow of her snout was growing longer, as it approached his head, and that her ears were wagging.

"Why does your snout grow longer and why do your ears wag so?" he asked.

She did not answer, but drew her head back and kept her ears still. But presently he saw the snout shadow stealing toward him again, and the shadowy ears wagging.

"Why does your snout grow longer and why do your ears wag so?" he asked.

Again she drew back and was still. She combed and combed until she hoped that she had soothed him into a drowse, and she leaned toward him. But he was still watching the shadows, and again he asked her:

"Why does your snout grow longer and why do your ears wag so?"

Again she drew back and was still. She combed for a long time. The sun began to go down in the west. All shadows were long. The birds were getting ready for sleep, and their drowsy calls were soft in the golden air. The brother almost dozed off under her smooth combing, as he had done a thousand times before. She bent toward him. He started.

"Why does your snout grow longer and why do your ears wag so?" he asked.

She drew back and was still.

"Do not let this happen again," whispered Wind in his ear. "If she puts out her snout the fifth time, she will bite your head off. I will tell you a secret about her. She

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"Why does your snout grow longer, and why do your ears wag so?"

does not keep her vital parts in her body at all. They are over yonder, under that tree, and that squirrel guards them for her. Now run and destroy them."

So the youngest brother rose, and ran toward the squirrel. The Bear Woman ran after him. Suddenly a large yucca sprang up in her way. When she had got around that, there was a cactus in her path. Another yucca sprang up, and another cactus. She ran faster than her brother, but these big plants so delayed her that he reached the tree first. He heard the lungs breathing under the weeds that covered them. He drew forth his chain-lightning arrow and shot it into the weeds. A bright stream of blood spurted up. At the same moment the Bear Woman fell, with the blood spurting from her side.

"See," whispered Wind, "the stream of blood from her body and the stream from her vitals flow toward each other. If they meet she will revive and be so savage that your danger will be greater than ever. With your stone knife draw a mark on the ground between the two streams."

The young man stooped and marked on the ground with his stone knife. While he was still stooping, the blood thickened before his eyes until it was too thick to flow.

Then the young man spoke to the bloody carcass of her who had been his sister.

"You shall live again," he said, "but no longer as the vengeance taker, the Bear Woman. You shall live in

other forms in which you may be of service to your kind and not merely a thing of evil." He cut off the head and threw it at the foot of the tree.

"Come to life, now, and behave well," he commanded, "or else again I shall slay you."

The head changed to a bear. It started to walk off, but stopped, and looked back at the man.

"You have bidden me behave well," it said. "But what shall I do if others attack me?"

"Then you may defend yourself," the young man said, "but begin no quarrel. Go now to Black Mountain and dwell there."

The Bear obeyed, trotting off toward the sinking sun until she showed only a moving dark speck in the distance.

There are now in Black Mountain many bears descended from this one.

Then the young hero went to his friends, the Whirlwind and the Knife Boy. They led him to the east, south, west, and north, where he found the bodies of his ten brothers. These his holy friends soon restored to life. Together they went back to the place where they had lived, and built a new house on which was no curse of sorrow. There they lived in quiet and peace. Every now and then, in the evening, they looked up at Black Mountain. On its side, looking down at them, they sometimes saw a bear, but it never came any nearer.

SCARFACE: A STORY OF LOVE AND MEDICINE

THIS is a tale of ancient times. In those days there lived a young man, alone, in the midst of a large village. There were many young men and maidens, but none who belonged to him. All his relatives had journeyed to the Sand Hills, never to return.

He was very poor. He had no wife to make his moccasins, cook his food, or tan his clothes. He had no lodge. He stayed first in one lodge, then in another, silent and lonely in all.

He was handsome, except for a scar that marred one cheek. When a boy the other boys had called him Scarface in mockery, and this name clung to him. It was all he had—the scar, the name from it, and the good looks it partly spoiled.

His best friends were the birds and the animals. They loved and trusted him, although he hunted as others did when necessity drove him—when he was hungry, or in need of warm clothing. But on other days—and there were many of them—he would lie for hours under a bush as still as a prostrate dog, until the birds hopped over him; the squirrels dropped their nuts into his relaxed hands and

ran down and got them again; the foxes dragged their brushes over him as they fled; and the bears and the bees waged war over the honey in the hollow treetrunk near by.

He could speak in the language of the birds and beasts. The young birds on their nests chirped to him as to their mother; and the quail whistled to him from every field. He knew when the wood creatures were hungry, and fed them from his scant store; when they were thirsty he broke the ice in the pool for them.

"I have friends here," he would say to the forest world, spreading out his lonely arms. "I have friends and helpers. Some day they will help me as I help them."

He spent many hours thus, in the forest. He alone was not afraid to stay there all night. Other young men feared the spirits that haunted the spring within the edge of the woods, and would not go near it after dark. Even to woo the maidens who went thither to draw water they would not go before daylight. These maidens came at the first blush of sunrise, but no lover was there before them. Scarface alone dared to spend the night, fasting, by the brink. People whispered to each other that he was friends with the spirits of the woods and the waters — that they comforted him for his lost people.

Among the maidens who came to the spring was one fairer than all the others. Scarface, peeping among the leaves at sunrise, was not the only one who thought so.

Though no one else kept watch at the spring all night for the sake of a look at her in the morning, all the young men from near and far wished her for a wife.

Her father was a rich man, owning many ponies and many furs. He gave dances and feasts, and to them came the finest young braves from all the neighboring villages, wearing their best clothes, adorned with feathers and trophies. They danced before the young maiden, told stories, laughed and shouted; they wrestled before her and ran races. She looked and smiled, well pleased; but she would marry none of them.

It was the morning after such a dance. Many of the young men had not slept at all, and now, in the gray dawn, were going home to their lodges. They were laughing and jesting, but more than one heart was sore.

"Did she choose you last night, Little Moccasin?" one asked. "How your feet twinkled in the dance! You are well named. She looked at you and smiled—but so has she looked at us all. Did she give you any promise?"

"She is too proud," said Little Moccasin, sulkily. "No man ought to take so proud a woman into his lodge. She would be too proud to work."

"Kyi-yi!" shouted the young men, laughing, and making signs to one another. "We think so too, brother-in-law. She is much too proud—and not so very pretty, either. You were only pretending last night, were n't you?" You

did n't really care? Yes, indeed, that was the way with us all. None of us really wanted her—not one of us is tired of living alone!

"Here comes a fellow who needs a proud wife. Look at his clothes! He would soon break in any woman who had to mend them. Hey, Scarface! We have picked out a wife for you!"

Scarface was going by his own way to the spring. He, too, had been at the dance, but silent, unobserved, watching from a corner.

"Who is she?" he asked, stopping; for he would not seem afraid.

"You know very well. That proud girl over yonder. She will not have any of us; but she may take a fancy to you—you are so handsome! There is nothing to spoil your face! And so rich—with such a fine lodge! Why have n't you asked her before? You are the only man left now—she has refused every one else and she'll have to take one. Why don't you ask her to-day? Take pity on her! She might go unwed!"

"I will ask her," said Scarface. The red blood swept over cheek and brow, drowning out the crimson scar. "I am no prouder than you. Since you have asked her, I will ask her, too. She can say no worse to me than she has to you."

He seemed to grow taller before their eyes as he walked

slowly off toward the dim woods none of them dared enter.

There he placed himself, all trembling, behind a tree, and waited. The air was sharp and sweet; his sighing lungs drank deep of it. Birds were stirring and calling overhead; the night creatures crept to their lairs as the level rays of the rising sun touched the moss at his feet with gold and silvered the bubbling water of the spring. Dark against the shining disk he saw her coming, her water basket on her head. For her the world was curtained in rosy clouds; the sun spread his rays to embrace her.

She saw Scarface, brown among the tree trunks. She paused, alert for flight, but he stood as still as for the wild things of the forest, and in his eyes was the look no creature feared. Stooping to the fountain, she filled her basket — emptied it again — looked up for a second into his quiet eyes — filled it, and offered it to him. He stooped and drank, as she knelt before him. Then he spoke; and his voice was low.

"To-day, as I came to the spring, the young men met me and mocked me. They bade me come to you and tell you I was tired of living alone. They said you had refused the richest and handsomest of them; that perhaps my riches and my beauty you would not refuse. I answered that I should come, and I am here."

The maiden bent over the spring and filled her basket again — emptied it — filled it —

"I was not afraid to come," the low voice went on. "Not from you should I hear taunts as to my poverty. You would never speak of my scar. I have watched you since you were a child, for since I was a boy have I loved you." The girl's eyes shone suddenly bright in the mirror of the spring. "And I saw you nurse the wounded buffalo calf, and put the young birds back in their nests. You will be tender to my wounded heart, and take pity on my loneliness."

The maiden marked with a slender moccasined toe in the rippled sand at the fountain's brink. Shyly she glanced up. Still he waited, his eyes no longer on hers but looking away into the distance.

"I may not wed," she said, at last. "I will tell you what I have told no man save my father. Two years ago, when men first sought me, I had a wonderful dream. That Above Person," she pointed to the risen sun, "spoke to me from the sky. 'You are mine,' he said. 'Give yourself to no one else.' Therefore have I smiled on all men—for why should I be angry with them merely for loving me?—yet I have refused to go to the lodge of any man, but have lived at home, like a child, with my father and mother."

Scarface leapt to her side, and stood between her and the blazing sun. His shadow was upon her. His eyes were like two suns.

"Go to that Above Person," whispered the maiden against his breast. "Ask him for me, and bid him take this mark from your face as a sign of his consent."

The laughter and talk of other maidens on their way to the spring floated over the eastern hill; she fled from him, and he vanished noiselessly into the woods.

Toward nightfall he went to an old woman who lived on the edge of the village. She was his best friend. He brought her wood and water, and she often cooked and sewed for him.

"Grandmother," he told her, "I am going on a long journey. I need moccasins. Will you give me a pair?"

The old woman gave him seven pairs—all day, in the winters, she sat sewing moccasins—and she packed him a bag full of pemmican. He threw it over his shoulder, put on a pair of the new moccasins, and started forth on his long journey. No one knew that he went except the old woman, and she did not know where he went. In her father's lodge, the maiden he loved trembled for him, and prayed to the Sun to help him.

For many days he traveled east—day after day—day after day. Every night he lay down in a strange place—now under the wide sky with tall grass waving about him; now under a roof of tree branches, where crushed brakes breathed sweetly over his resting place; now under shelter of a rock, torrents dashing down the mountain

beside him. He ate berries and roots and the pemmican from his bag.

At last one day he came to the house of a Wolf.

"Here is a friend," he thought, and entered. Wolf greeted him cordially, and gave him meat.

"What is my brother doing so far from home?" he asked.

"I am seeking the lodge of the Sun," Scarface answered. "Do you know the trail? Many days and nights have I sought it, but no trace of it have I found."

"I do not know the trail," Wolf said, slowly. "I am sorry; I should like to help you. But I have a neighbor, a very wise big person. Perhaps he can tell you." So he sent Scarface to the Bear.

But Bear shook his head; he shook it long and slowly, walking up and down in front of his lodge.

"I will tell you what to do," said he, from his wisdom. "Go straight to Striped Face, the Badger. He has more time than I for such little things. He is always finding hidden trails."

Scarface went to Striped Face. His lodge was underground and the entrance was too small for the young man. He lay down on his face and called into it:

"Ho, cunning Striped Face—you who know the hidden things! The wise Bear has sent me to you saying that perhaps you can tell me what he cannot tell."

Badger looked forth, his stripes wrinkling his face.

"Eh, what is it, what is it?" he asked in a hurried, busy voice. "Tell me quickly what you want."

"I seek the lodge of the Sun," explained Scarface. "Do you know the trail?"

"How should I? What do I want with the Sun? I get out of his way as much as possible. What a question!"

He was going back into his lodge, but just as he was disappearing he called out:

"Go to Wolverine. He is always gadding about. Sometimes he finds out queer things—useless things, like this. Go to him, and tell him I sent you."

Wolverine was not at home, nor did any creature know when he might come home. Scarface sat down to rest and think. His eyes grew fixed, his breath came deep and slow, and he began to chant:

"Hai-yu. Hai-yu! Wolverine!"

He swayed his body from side to side.

"Hai-yu! Wolverine!"

Still Wolverine came not. Scarface thought of the maiden far behind him to the west; he thought of the Sun, still as far as ever to the east. Wolverine *must* come and help him.

"Hai-yu! Hai-yu! Wolverine!
Have pity upon me, and come.
Come to me here while I wait,
Set me upon the trail,
Set my feet upon the trail—
The trail that leads to the Sun."

"Rest here in my lodge to-night," he said, "and to-morrow I will show you the trail"

Two bright eyes shone through the bushes; Wolverine was there.

"Rest here in my lodge to-night," he said, "and to-morrow I will show you the trail. Sun lives on the other side of the Big Water. I will show you the trail to the water."

That night Scarface rested well. His friend gave him meat to eat, and comforted him with promises for the morrow. For the first time since he set forth he slept in hope. In his dreams he seemed already to be treading the trail to the Sun's lodge.

Next day Wolverine showed him the way — a hidden and lonely way, a trail like a thousand others, made years before and forgotten. Scarface followed it alone. All

day he broke branches from before his face; all day he felt with his feet for the packed earth beneath the tangled growths of wood and prairie; and at evening he lost the trail.

For it had run out into the sands of the Big Water. The waves had washed away all traces of other steps. Scarface stood alone on a desolate shore, looking out upon miles and miles of trackless waters. At his feet ripples broke; farther out, breakers, white-crested, rose at the beach, and then fell full length upon it. Beyond, miles of water heaved to the sky, and at the far edge waved close against it.

Darkness crept on while he looked. The distant billows faded from his straining view. The nearer waves whispered to him from the dimness. They told him he was at his journey's end, but no nearer the lodge of the Sun. All night, as he lay on the cold sands, his dreams mocked him with hope. He woke to feel the closeness of the pitiless waters, to hear the surge of them in the night.

A mist veiled the oncoming day. Heavy as his heart it lay on the face of the deep. Gray waves rolled out of it, thick and slow.

Through the fog the white crests of the breakers startled him now and then with a promise of some new presence — they fell, and he was alone. Again and again this happened, but at last—was it a breaker that moved out there? How

Rejoicing he got upon the back of one of the swans

long it stayed, showing white in the fog! It drew nearer — there were two white shapes moving toward him. Here were friends out of the watery distances, come to his need.

Two Swans sailed close to shore, ruffling their snowy plumage.

"My brother," they said, "why have you come so far? What trail do you follow?"

"I seek the lodge of the Sun," he answered. "Many days and nights have I traveled. I was set upon a trail that led me here. I was told that the Sun lives beyond these terrible waters."

"He lives far beyond, on the other side," assented the Swans.

"How then can I reach him?" the young man asked. "No man can swim so far and live. Is there no other trail? I am willing to walk for many moons."

"There is no other trail, but we can carry you across to where the trail begins again. First one of us will carry you and then the other."

Rejoicing, he got upon the back of one of the Swans, and gloom lifted from his soul as the fog lifted from the waters. He rode triumphant over the awful depths. Below him, strange people moved. Some of them hunted with fierce greed; some of them fled, afraid. The Swans' black feet paddled swiftly in the water below him, safe among the fishes; their white plumage ruffled in the clear air above.

When his heart sank with fear, it pulled down the Swan that bore him until its long neck scarce sufficed to lift its head above water; when he thought of the maiden he loved and of the trail that yet waited for his footsteps, his eager thoughts drew both Swans ahead, plunging through the water in a track of foam.

On the farther shore a broad brown trail led straight east from the water's edge. He went forth upon it with eager steps.

Some distance along the trail he found a war shirt, a shield, and a bow and arrows. They lay beside the path as if some one had dropped them there and forgotten

them. Scarface took them up, looked well at them, and laid them back again. Presently he met a young man coming toward him, his face casting a light before him along the way. His hair was long and bright, and so fine that the wind lifted it and spread it abroad upon the air. His clothing was made of strange skins, and his moccasins were sewn with gay-colored feathers.

"Hai!" called this young man to Scarface. "Have you seen any weapons and clothing along the trail?"

"I saw them back here a little," Scarface answered. "I will show you where they are."

The two young men went back together, and Scarface gathered up the weapons and clothing and handed them to the other. The young man did not look at them. His eyes were searching Scarface's mind.

"You are no thief, that is plain," was all he said. "How do you come upon this trail? Whom do you seek?"

"I seek the lodge of the Sun," answered Scarface. "Many days and nights have I traveled in vain; but now I think I am on the right trail. Is it so?"

"It is so, indeed. I, myself, am Morning Star. The Sun is my father. Come with me, and I will show you his lodge."

They went on together, talking as young men will when they meet on the way and their hearts go out to each other.

"My mother is Night Red Light," Morning Star explained, "and we three live alone together. All my brothers have been killed, and I am often lonely. Have you brothers?"

"I have no one. I have nothing but a lonely heart. And that is set upon a young maiden—oh, the fairest in the world!—who is obedient to your father. I may not marry her without his consent. For that I come. Do you think he will give her to me?"

"I do not know, but I will do all I can for you. He is kind, but he is stern. Do not tell all until he knows you. He is not young, as we are."

Presently they came to the lodge. It was very large and fine. Medicine animals were painted all over it. As the wind shook the walls it seemed as if they moved and were alive.

Night Red Light sat within, near the door. She came out only at night. She spread a mat for her son's friend, and gave him food. Scarface, looking into her mild face, beaming pleasantly upon him, told his story without fear. She said nothing, but he felt her sympathy.

A step was heard outside.

"Hide there," said the kindly woman, pointing to a pile of skins in one corner.

The Sun came in and stood in the doorway. His presence immediately filled the house; it was everywhere,

except behind the pile of skins. He lifted his head and breathed deep, looking all about.

"There is a man here," he said, looking fixedly at his wife and son. "Why do I not see him?"

"Yes, father," said Morning Star, at once. "A good young man has come to see you. He found my weapons and my war clothes lying beside the trail, but he did not touch them."

Scarface came out from behind the pile of skins. The Sun looked at him, and the young man bore his gaze. Scarface did not look back, for no man can outface the Sun, but stood before him, straight and unashamed.

"You are welcome to my lodge," said the Sun at last. "Smoke a pipe with me and my boy. I am glad that he has a young friend to talk with. He is often lonesome."

"I have lost all my other children," mourned Night Red Light. "Down by the Big Water they were taken from me. Great birds live there, with long, sharp bills. They kill whatever comes in their way. My sons were brave hunters. One by one they went forth against the great birds, but no one of them all came back. Hunt with my son wherever else you please, but do not go near the Big Water."

"I do not like the Big Water myself," replied Scarface. "I came across it on my way here. It is no shame to a brave man to be afraid of it. It is very terrible, and it

hides things still more terrible. Two helpers brought me across safely, but my bones trembled. I do not wish to go near it again."

For many days Scarface and Morning Star hunted together in the Sun's country. There was much game, and the two young men were full of life and strength. Every evening they returned to the Sun's lodge well laden; and Night Red Light, before she went forth on her nightly journey, fed them and made them comfortable. Both she and her husband were glad that their son was no longer sad and lonely.

But one day the chase led them into a wild region they had never been in before. Careless of where they went, they lost their way in the deep woods. They were not afraid, but laughed and shouted among the still shadows. What fun it would be to camp out all night like warriors!

At length the woods seemed to thin at one side. Light shone through. They rushed toward it. A low noise, as of something living and moving, drew them on. They burst from among the trees upon the shores of the Big Water, stirring and whispering secrets under the open sky.

"We must go back," said Scarface. "You remember what your mother told us."

"I am no longer a boy, to be tied to my mother's apron!" cried Morning Star. "We did not come here on purpose, but now we are here I shall stay and look well at this

wonderful thing. What is on the other side of it? Or does it go off under the sky? Look, every once in a while you can see it stooping to go under. And there where it slips in, something is coming out—something with wings. Perhaps—oh, Scarface!—perhaps they are the great birds that killed my brothers! We are two. We will take revenge upon them."

"But your mother!" protested Scarface. "She told us never to go near these birds."

"My mother is a woman. What does she know of hunting? I feel the blood of my father in my veins. I shall avenge my brothers."

There was no time for Scarface to remonstrate again, for the air was suddenly filled with rushing wings and hoarse cries. It grew dark around the two youths, and they shot their arrows wildly into thick feathers on every side. Wings beat down their bows, sharp beaks tore at their breasts.

Upon Morning Star was the wrath of the birds directed. They scarcely heeded Scarface, but soon his bright and beautiful companion was borne down beneath their weight, and lost in another rush of their beating wings.

Now Scarface sprang into the thick of them, and grasped the midmost birds by their necks. He flung them over his shoulders, and tore two others from the breast of his prostrate friend. Their long beaks were dripping with

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Scarface sprang into the thick of them, and grasped the midmost birds by the neck

Morning Star's blood, but he still moved and breathed on the ground, though he could no longer fight.

Scarface stood astride of him, daring the fierce onslaught of the birds. His eyes were clear and steady. Two by two he caught the creatures as they came. No matter how many shrieked in his ear or tore at his flesh, no matter what heavy wings beat him, he steadily reached into the dark and noisome mass, found two long throats, wrung them, and flung the bodies over his shoulder.

A pile grew behind him so high that he leaned against it as he fought. The air grew sweeter before him. Now there was room to breathe. He leaned over his wounded friend and felt for his heart. As he stooped the last bird plunged his bill into his back. Without looking around, he caught it with one hand and tossed it aside. His friend's heart still beat.

He stood up and drew a long breath. He brushed the bloody feathers from his dress. The waters still whispered softly at his feet and, far beyond, crept in under the edge of the sky.

When he had rested a little, he tore off the heads of the birds and strung them on his bow. Hanging it around his neck, he stooped to his friend, shouldered him, and moved off into the dark woods.

Night Red Light came forth to look for them. She saw them, and lighted their way home. She hid her face

with clouds, and wept through the night because her son was hurt and she could not return to him before morning.

The Sun received them and helped to lay his boy on the bed and to dress his wounds. Just before dawn Morning Star opened his eyes on his father's face.

"I thought to avenge my brothers," he murmured, "but you would have been childless if Scarface had not been near. Tell me, Scarface, my friend, how did you escape?"

"By killing them all," answered Scarface. "While one lived, the fight went on. I will show you."

He went and brought his bow, hung, wood and bowstring, with gory heads.

"So many there were," he said, "and no more."

Night Red Light sailed through the door and dropped down at her son's feet. She held them to her breast and wept over them. She threw the bow with its weight of heads out of the door, nor would she look at the long bills that had sought the hearts of her boys.

Then the Sun asked the question he had never yet asked.

"Why do you travel this trail so far from home? What do you seek?"

And Scarface told him.

"I came seeking you," he said. "Far back yonder, in my own village, lives a maiden whom I love. But she

belongs to you. Because you commanded it, she will not wed. Her heart is toward me, and she told me to come and ask you for her."

"She is a good girl," answered the Sun, "and you, my son, have proved your right to my help. The Sun loves all good women, and pities them. They shall live a long time, and so shall their husbands and children. The Sun gives them good husbands, brave in war, skilled in the chase.

"Now you will soon go home. But first let me tell you something. I am the only chief. Everything is mine. I made the flat plains, the craggy mountains, the bristling forests, the moving rivers—all the earth. The people, too, and the animals, I made. They die, but I never die. In the winter I grow old and weak, and men think to see me die; but in the summer I grow young and strong again, and men know that I live."

Scarface stood with head bent, as if listening, but he heard scarcely a word. His heart was singing as he thought of the maiden he loved. Night Red Light was bathing her son and combing his long hair. She had heard the tale of her husband's greatness before. Morning Star lay resting.

The Sun went on:

"Who is the wisest of animals? The raven, because he never wants for food. Which animal do I like best? The buffalo. He is food for my people, and shelter as well.

And lo! That cheek was as smooth as the other

Which is better, the heart or the head? The head. The heart often lies; the head never. Come with me to see the world."

Scarface went with the Sun and looked over the edge of the sky to the world below. It spread wide, in a great circle. Mountains were heaped up on it here and there. Forests covered it like thick fur. Water lay shining in the hollow places. All around, at the edge, a straight wall went down and down. Scarface could not see where it went, but then his eyes were busy searching for the lodge of her he loved. When he saw the little spring, like a shining dot on the edge of the woods, and the pointed lodge near by with the blue smoke rising toward him, he smoothed his scarred cheek and sighed.

The Sun, smiling, led the way to his lodge. There he took some strong medicine and rubbed it over the scar, and lo! that cheek was as smooth as the other. Scarface had the sign he longed for.

But this was not enough to ease the heart of his grateful friend. Night Red Light gave him beautiful clothes; Morning Star heaped him with presents; and the Sun told him exactly how to make a medicine lodge and what to do to invoke his aid. These things are done to this day in the Blackfoot medicine lodges. Everything is done as the Sun commanded. Scarface, after his return, taught the people. He was the first medicine man.

Then the Sun showed him the short trail home. In his eagerness the young man leapt along, and his footprints sparkled with joy. You can see the path yet across the sky, arching down to the earth. It is fainter now, but you can still see that some glad person has walked there.

The maiden sat beside the spring, waiting. Not even at night was she afraid now, since here she had found Scarface. His shadow lingered in the place and made it safe and comfortable. She looked into the quiet waters, slowly welling up, and saw the stars shine, spread abroad, vanish. She saw a trail of stars reflected there. It grew as she watched, and seemed to come nearer. Startled, she looked up, and found herself in her lover's arms.

TULCHUHERRIS

IN the first days there lived an old woman in the midst of a wide, level piece of country called Root-flat. The ground was full of roots, nearly all of them good to eat, and every day the old woman went about digging them with a sharp, crooked stick. She began with the far edge first, and dug all around the great flat; then she dug another circle just inside that, and another inside that. And so she went on digging, digging, digging — a bent old woman, moving in circles, prodding away with her stick day after day for many days, until there was only a little island of untouched land in the middle. On this island stood her lodge.

One day she was digging near home. All around her for miles stretched the brown earth she had turned up. A faint mist rose from it into the morning air. The world was big and flat and empty; even the roots were almost gone.

She heard a noise—it sounded like a cry. "A-ai! A-ai! A-ai!" it came.

She looked up into the air. Nothing was there but the high roof of the sky; not even the sun. She looked around. The brown heaps of earth she had turned over in her search for roots smoked to the edge of the sky in every direction.

"A-ai! A-ai! A-ai!" sounded the cry again.

She put her hands to her ears. There must be something wrong with them, she thought, since they heard such strange sounds where there was nothing.

"A-ai! A-ai! A-ai!" She heard it clearly.

It seemed to come from the ground at her feet. She stared at the ground, but it did not move.

"A-ai! A-ai! A-ai!" She heard it clearly.

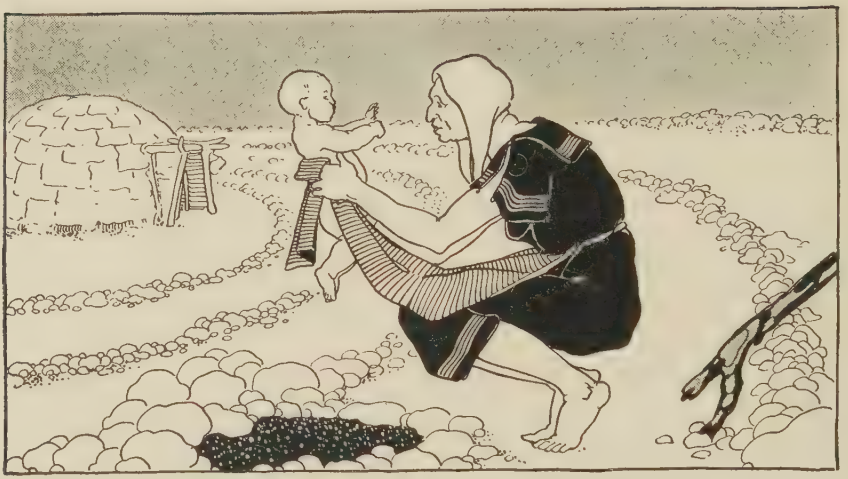
Surely the cry was coming from the ground. She took her root-stick and began digging, very fast. She found nothing at first, and at last there was only one lump of earth that she had not broken. She pried her stick under this and turned it over. There lay a little brown baby, in the brown earth.

The old woman stooped and took him quickly into her arms. She wrapped him in her buckskin apron, and rocked him to and fro. She was glad. Now she was no longer alone in the empty world.

"Tsok-tso (Good baby)! Tsok-tso! Tsok-tso!" she sang.

She took him to her lodge and washed him. She rose in the night and washed him. She could not sleep for thinking about him. Every time she washed him she said aloud:

"I wish you to grow fast—be a man soon. Be strong and good." Often she would rock him in her buckskin



The old woman stooped and took him quickly into her arms

apron and croon to him, "Tsok-tso! Tsok-tso! Tsok-tso!" and he grew fast, in his grandmother's apron.

By the time he was five weeks old he could stand alone and walk a little. He had teeth, and began to talk. By the time he was six months old he was as large as a boy of twelve, and played around outside the lodge. Then his grandmother would warn him, saying, "You may play to the south of the lodge, to the west of the lodge, and to the north of the lodge. But you must not play to the east of the lodge. You must not even look to the east."

By the time he was a year old Tulchuherris was a full-grown man, and he went to his grandmother, saying, "Grandmother, I am a man now. You have taken good care of me and I have grown. I have obeyed you in all

things. It is time that I should know why I may go to the south of the lodge, to the west of the lodge, and to the north of the lodge, but may not go to the east of the lodge, nor even look toward the east."

His grandmother considered him. Yes, he was strong and large, very strong, and although so young, already a man. She answered:

"Yes, my grandson, it is time you should know, and I will tell you what you ask. Far to the east there is a wonderful house, called Saskewil. Old Sas lives there, and his wife and two daughters. Though you see me alone in the world, I have had many sons. Each son in turn has gone to the east, to Saskewil, and there Sas has killed him. Or else his wife has done so. She sits beside the door of the lodge with her fingers over her eyes, looking through them to the north. If she turns those burning eyes on a man he shrivels up before her, and is no more. You are all I have, and I do not wish Sas to know you. He might lay traps for you, and leave me alone again. Therefore you must not go to the side of the lodge which Sas can see."

"But, grandmother, that wicked old man Sas must not go unpunished. I am the only one who can punish him. I will go away and think. I will see what I can do."

He went outside the lodge and stood looking straight into the sky at the east—looked into the face of the east—and was not afraid. Then he went into the forest and got

a kind of white wood and made himself a bow. He painted it blue and black and red.

Next he made himself a little arrow, very smooth and straight. This also he painted blue and black and red. In the end of it he fastened three bright colored feathers. Then he shot the arrow into the face of the east. Tsi-i-ing! it sang through the air. It looked like a humming bird as it went.

Far to the east Sas was sitting in his lodge, with his wife and his two daughters. He heard something fall outside the door. It made a noise like a rock falling from the sky. He went to look, and there was a little smooth arrow, blue and black and red, sticking up in the ground, still quivering.

Sas went to pull it up, and leaned over easily, standing on one foot. He could not move it. He stood up again, planted both feet firmly, far apart, and took hold with both hands. No; he could not move it. His wife came to look, and his two daughters. They all tried it, first one, then another, then all together. They could not move it.

"Some one is thinking of us," said Sas. "That is what has sent the arrow to us. He must be some one very strong, to send an arrow to us. But I am strong, too. I am Sas."

He went into the lodge and lighted his pipe and sat thinking. He felt anxious.

Back near the old Earth Mother's lodge, Tulchuherris,

her grandson, was making ready for his journey to Saskewil. First he made himself a shirt of the thorn bush, with the thorns on the outside. Then he armed his fingernails with sharp pieces of flint. He took with him a sky-spear, and a tip for it made of green water-stone. The shoes on his feet were of green water-stone also. He had two headdresses—a foxskin headdress, which he wore, and a quartz headdress which he carried in his quiver. He had two dogs—a panther dog from the west and a fox dog from the south.

The old grandmother sat in her lodge, rocking herself and crying because her grandson, the last and best, was going from her—going, as the others had done, to the wicked old man in the east.

Beneath her eyelids she watched Tulchuherris, and her heart was filled with pride. How strong and wise he was—and how brave! Eh! Eh! that he should go to his death!

When Tulchuherris came in she gave him a present—the best gift she had. It was a little man, no higher than her thumb. His name was Winishuyat—He That Looks Ahead. He could see what was going to happen, and could tell Tulchuherris what to do. The grandmother put him on top of her boy's head and tied Tulchuherris's long dark hair over him—tied it in a knot that no one but Tulchuherris could untie.

Thus the young man set forth—straight into the east. But he had not gone far before he heard his grandmother

calling him. He stopped to listen. Her voice was shaking with age and sorrow.

"Tulchuherris, my grandson!" she called. "You have left me no firewood! I am too old to go and get wood for myself!"

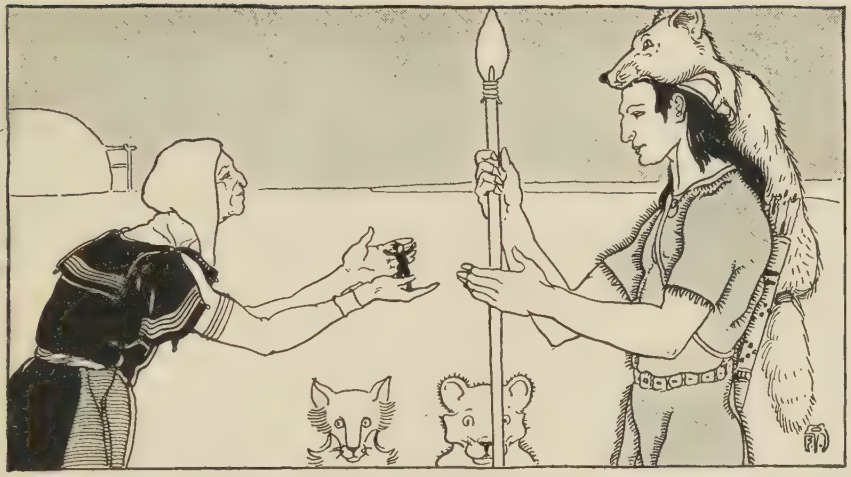
Tulchuherris went back. He laid down his sky-spear, and left his two dogs to guard the house while he went into the forest. He tore up great trees by the roots, and bound them into a bundle, which he brought to his grandmother. Then he called his dogs, took up his spear, and set forth once more. He had not gone far before he heard his grandmother calling again:

"Tulchuherris, my grandson! Tulchuherris! My fire is going out!"

She was feeding her fire fiercely with great heaps of wood. Whenever she saw Tulchuherris nearing the east, growing smaller toward Saskewil, her heart leaped, her love blazed up, and the firewood disappeared.

Tulchuherris stood thinking. What was he to do? At this rate he could never keep her in firewood. All the forests in the world would not be proof against her desire. Then Winishuyat spoke, for the first time.

"How is my brother-in-law?" said he. "Do you want to keep your grandmother 's fire going? I will tell you what to do. Go into the forest and gather a half bushel of wild sunflower roots. These flowers have drawn heat from a



It was a little man, no higher than his thumb

flame that cannot go out. Throw them into her fire, and it will last all the time you are gone, even though you are gone many lifetimes."

Tulchuherris did as Winishuyat bade him. He went to the edge of the woods, where the wild sunflowers held up yellow stars to light the shadows behind them, and he gathered a half bushel of their roots. He carried them to his grandmother's lodge and threw them on her smoldering fire.

"These will keep your fire for you, grandmother," said he. "When I have punished that old man Sas I will come back to you."

The old woman did not look up. She was rocking her buckskin apron in her arms and crooning over it.

"Tsok-tso! Tsok-tso! Tsok-tso!"

Tulchuherris went on, straight into the east. After he had reached the top of the first hill he stood still and listened. He could hear nothing. His grandmother was not calling him this time. A thin breath of smoke curled up from the point of the lodge. Tulchuherris went on.

Presently he came to a huge rock, towering in his path. It was taller than the tallest pine tree. To the north of it was darkness and emptiness, and to the south of it darkness and emptiness. On the top of it an old man stood, looking down.

"Come up, my grandson!" the old man called out. "Come up! There is no other way. Behind this rock the road is clear. Come up! When you are near the top I will give you a lift."

"I will come," said Tulchuherris; but as he started to go, Winishuyat stopped him.

"This old man has been set here by Sas to trap unwary travelers," said he. "Here many of your kinsfolk have been killed—their bones lie below there. If you go up he will sway the rock and knock you off into the darkness. Instead of climbing the rock, kick it with all your might."

Tulchuherris was surprised, but he did as he was bid. He ran back a little as if he were going to rush up the face of the rock; but instead of that, with his shoe of green water-stone he kicked it. There was a terrible crash, and the huge rock rushed roaring into the abyss to the north.

The old man went with it, and Tulchuherris, standing

above, heard him crying for help from the depths where lay the bones of the Earth Mother's children. He called down to the old man in the darkness.

"I will help you," he said. "I will turn you into a little ground squirrel, and you can climb up yourself. From now on you shall always live in holes in the ground."

The rock, when it fell, left a smooth, wide road stretching to the east. But before Tulchuherris went forth on it he stood and listened, to hear if his grandmother called him. He could hear all over the world. The sounds made by the little ground squirrel, scratching and slipping as he climbed the sides of the abyss, came to him. He heard the faint crackle of his grandmother's fire, but he did not hear her calling; so he went on.

At length he came to a broad river. A man stood there, watching it flow. Tulchuherris looked up and down, but could see no place to cross. Everywhere the water was equally deep and swift. The man said:

"This is a hard river to cross. But I know where the best places are. I have helped many persons across. I will help you, too, my brother-in-law."

Tulchuherris stood listening for Winishuyat. The little man whispered:

"Let him carry you, for it is the only way you can cross. But be ready with your pointed bone, and send the dogs first."

The two dogs leaped the river at a bound. Tulchuherris mounted the man's back. The man waded out, feeling with his staff. The muddy water slid thickly about them, pushing them out of their way. It grew deeper and deeper. It was up to the man's shoulders. It was up to his mouth, so that he threw his head back to breathe. It was up to his eyes.

"Be careful," said Winishuyat. "In this way he drowned your grandmother's people. Use your pointed bone."

Tulchuherris drew his bone and stabbed the man several times, wounding but not killing him. Then he leapt from his shoulders to the farther bank. He stood looking at the wounded man, twisting in the water.

"You shall be an eel," he said, "and live in the water. People will call you Hawt. They will hunt for you, kill you, skin you, and eat you."

Tulchuherris walked on swiftly. In a little while he came to a high ridge that stood straight across his path. It stretched to the south as far as he could see, and to the north as far as he could see, and it was so high and steep that no one could climb it. Just in front of him, however, was a narrow opening, and in this, filling it, a cleft pine tree. The opening was large enough to let any one walk through, and it was the only way to pass.

Tulchuherris looked well at the ridge, looked it all over,

and stood still. On the other side he heard a clinking noise, as if some one were pounding on stone. He looked carefully through the hollow tree, and saw an arm moving. Some one was hammering, there on the other side. The dogs sprang through. The man who was hammering stopped, came up, and looked through the tree at Tulchuherris. It was Sas himself. He had been getting ready to welcome his visitor.

"Come right through, my son-in-law," said he, heartily. "There is room for a man. This is the only gate in the ridge for miles and miles. It is my gate. Come right through."

The dogs were sniffing around the old man, and growling. Tulchuherris listened for Winishuyat.

"Go through very quickly," whispered the little man on his head.

Tulchuherris took his bow and arrows firmly in one hand, stood on the toes of one foot, poised himself sideways — and was through in a flash. That instant the tree closed with a great noise, and became solid.

Tulchuherris had shot through so swiftly that he flew far off into the field. Sas did not see him go. He thought that the young man was fast in the tree. He began to talk to himself.

"Well, my son-in-law, you are caught. You were brought up in your grandmother's apron. You knew

Sas did not see him go

nothing; I know everything. You were weak; I am strong. You are nobody; I am Sas."

Tulchuherris came up behind him.

"Why, my father-in-law, to whom are you talking?" he asked.

Sas turned around slowly. He put his hand to his head.

"I am old," he quavered. "I must be getting blind. I am half crazy. I was afraid I had shut that tree on you too soon. I am glad you are unhurt. Now come home with me. It is a poor house, and I am an old man. Go first. I will soon catch up with you. My wife and daughters are there."

Saskewil was the finest lodge Tulchuherris had ever seen. It was very large, made of deerskins, and on the

walls all manner of men and animals were painted in bright colors. But it was well guarded. On either side of it were ten grizzly bears, and rattlesnakes wreathed the door. Poisonous things crept in the slime on the ground, and white bones lay all about. These were the bones of the grandmother's many children.

The panther dog, leaping ahead, killed all the grizzly bears—scarcely had they time to groan. The fox dog killed all the rattlesnakes—they had no time to rattle. With his sharp teeth he nipped and gnawed the poisonous things in the slime, killing them like fleas.

Tulchuherris stood looking at the heaps of bones. He cried aloud as he looked. These were his grandmother's children—alas, for the poor old Earth Mother, alone in her lodge, sitting over her sunflower fire! He lifted the door curtain and went into the lodge.

Sas's wife sat east of the door, with her fingers leaned together at the tips before her eyes, as his grandmother had told. To the west of the door sat the daughters. They rose as Tulchuherris entered, and spread a rug between them. He sat down there. The old woman never moved, but sat looking between her fingers at the north.

As he rested there between the daughters, waiting for Sas to come home, many spiders, large, long-legged, red-backed, poisonous, came and crawled over him. The two girls did not seem to notice them. He, too, paid no

attention. His thorn shirt protected him. The spiders stuck on the points of the thorns until the color of his shirt was changed. The red backs of the spiders and little points of their blood shone like red stones in the firelight.

Sas came in. Tulchuherris heard him groan outside as he saw the dead bears and rattlesnakes; but when he came in he was pleasant. He offered his guest a smoke. Tulchuherris took Sas's pipe. It was filled with Sas's tobacco, made of human flesh pounded fine. Tulchuherris could not smoke it. Nevertheless, as he held the pipe to his lips, smoke came out of it, and the tobacco was consumed.

It was Tulchuherris's turn to offer a smoke. He took out his own pipe of green water-stone—a small pipe, but very heavy. He took out his own tobacco—no one knows what it was made of—and pressed it into the bowl of his pipe. He drew a few whiffs and passed the pipe to Sas.

"It is a young man's tobacco. It may not be so good as yours for thinking. I believe it is as good for talking. I don't know much, but I think so."

Sas reached out his hand for the little pipe. As he touched it his hand fell powerless. He could not hold the pipe—could not even pick it up when it fell to the ground. Tulchuherris, after watching him a few minutes, picked it up for him.

"What is the matter, father-in-law?" he asked. "Is

my little pipe too heavy for you? I will hold it while you smoke."

He held it to Sas's lips. Sas drew in the smoke. It nearly choked him—burned all his insides. But Tulchuherris still held it to his lips, and he had to go on smoking. He choked and sputtered. The smoke blinded him and made him dizzy. He trembled and fell almost into the fire.

Tulchuherris helped him up, put the pipe away in his quiver, and went and sat between the two girls again.

"Be careful," warned Winishuyat. "The old woman is about to turn."

Tulchuherris looked at Sas's wife, sitting east of the door of the lodge, with her finger tips shading her dreadful eyes. Tulchuherris looked straight at her. Sas forgot to pretend that he was old, and watched his guest as a young hawk watches its prey, a smile bending his lips. Only for a few minutes now would that young man sit there, mocking his power! The two girls gazed at Tulchuherris; then one of them suddenly covered her head and turned away. Tulchuherris saw none of these things; he was intent on Sas's wife as she slowly turned toward him. He held his right hand doubled up on his knee.

The glare of her uncovered glance reddened the northern wall, the northwestern wall, the western. Tulchuherris snapped his flint finger nails into her eyes, and the light went out.

Sas rose without a word, and carried the dead body of his wife outside the lodge. There he dug a grave for her, and beside her he put the bodies of the ten grizzly bears and the rattlesnakes. Around his head he hung a string of beaver's teeth, around his neck another. He covered the grave, and singing mournfully, danced around it from east to west. The beaver teeth rattled as he danced the death-dance and sang the death-song.

"Koki, koki, koki nom (creeping, creeping, creeping west)," he sang.

"These were all my children," he mourned. "My children, and my wife. Koki, koki, koki nom."

Sas's daughters spread a fine bed for Tulchuherris, and he lay down upon it to sleep. Above his head hung two obsidian knives, suspended by slender strings of the inside bark of the maple tree. Although the knives hung heavy and greenish above him, Tulchuherris fell asleep and slept until about midnight.

"Turn over!" hissed Winishuyat, sharply. Tulchuherris turned. The knives fell and buried themselves where he had just been lying.

Next morning Sas said to him.

"Now, my son-in-law, these, my daughters, are your wives. They are glad to have a young husband who can fish for them. I am old. I cannot fish as I used to do, and it is long since they have eaten a mess of fish. Come

with me. I will show you where there are fine large fish. An old pole of mine is there, and an old point. You may use them."

Tulchuherris set forth with Sas, but he took his own spear—the sky-spear—and his own spear point of green water-stone. Sas led the way to the river. Across it was a bridge made of a single hair from his daughter's head.

Winishuyat spoke to the young man. He said, "Be careful. Here Sas has killed many of your people."

"There is a fishing place," said Sas, pointing to a little brush hut across the river. "My old pole and point are there. Go across and fish. I will go home. I am old, and the long walk has tired me. I will go and lie beside the fire until you come back with your fish."

Tulchuherris sprang across the river with a single bound, taking with him his sky-spear and spear point. He went into the hut and began to watch the river for fish. Soon he saw something coming up the stream, coming from the south. It had a face and a head and long hair tied with a band of woodpecker's scalps. This band was wound round the head many times. Tulchuherris had just such a band himself, made of mountain woodpecker's scalps.

"Good morning, my brother-in-law," called the person in the water. "I see you, too, have a fine band of woodpecker's scalps. Will you exchange with me?"

"I am sorry for you, my brother-in-law," answered

Tulchuherris. "I hate to kill you when you speak so kindly, but I must. My father-in-law, old Sas, orders it."

He stood still, not throwing his spear—for what did he know of this person in the water? Winishuyat urged him on.

"Why do you hesitate, Tulchuherris? This is Supchit, Sas's son. He is sent here to kill you, though he does not tell you so. Make haste and kill him, or you will be killed. Sas says he is a fish. Kill him like a fish."

Tulchuherris raised his sky-spear and Supchit, seeing it, turned to flee. But Tulchuherris threw too quickly for him. The spear point flashed through the air and buried itself in Supchit's side.

Supchit rushed down the stream, dashing on with such force that Tulchuherris could not hold him. Tulchuherris grasped the tule grass as he slipped down the river bank; it came off in his hands. He clutched at the stones; they rolled into the water. He rolled after them. He was in the water. Sas, at home before the fire, heard the noise of the struggle, and said to his two daughters: "Ah, ha! That is my son Supchit. Now we shall be rid of Tulchuherris."

One daughter smiled; but the other turned away her face.

"What are you doing, Tulchuherris? Do you want to die in this river?" Winishuyat spoke right out loud in

his anxiety, but the noise of the churning waters almost drowned his voice. "Send your gopher to stop all the doors to Supchit's houses."

Tulchuherris took his pet gopher from his bosom, and sent him to fill up the doors to Supchit's houses.

Supchit, growing tired presently, tried to escape, but every door was shut. This frightened him; he grew more tired. As he weakened, Tulchuherris grew stronger. He drew him nearer and nearer to the bank—at last up on the bank. The sides of the man-fish heaved, and were still.

Tulchuherris picked him up in one hand as if he were a little fish, and carried him to Saskewil. There he laid him down before the door while he went in.

"I could get only one little trout," he told his father-in-law. "It is there by the door. Look at it, and see if it is fit to eat."

Old Sas went out. So did his daughters.

"It is my son Supchit!" cried Sas. "Tulchuherris is killing all my children! Supchit was my best child of all!"

He put his beaver's teeth over his head; they fell on either side of his face and rattled as his head swayed. He dug a grave for his son. Around it he danced the death-dance, and sang the death-song.

"Koki, koki, koki nom."

Next morning Sas said to Tulchuherris, "Come, my son-in-law, to-day let us play together a little. I am old, I cannot play as I used to do; but I can play a little, and I can show you how. Come with me. I will take you to a fine place where I used to have great sport when I was a strong young man like you."

Tulchuherris went willingly; but as they were walking along together Winishuyat whispered to him, "You must kill Sas to-day or he will kill you. He has asked help of all his servants and children, and they have failed. To-day he intends killing you himself."

Presently they came to a great plain, in the middle of which stood a tall pine tree, very slender and straight, but leaning a little to one side. Around it the grass grew thick for a long way, and rustled softly in the wind. It looked like a pleasant place in which to play.

Sas went to the tree and climbed it.

"Now, my son-in-law, give me a swing!" he called. "But do not swing too hard. Remember that I'm an old man and cannot hold on tight."

Tulchuherris leaped up, caught a lofty branch, pulled it down toward him until a higher branch was within reach, pulled that, and caught the top of the tree. Holding it firmly, he turned his back to the trunk, bent over, pulling the tree with him, then let go. The tree sprang back, and old Sas had a fine swing.

The sides of the man-fish heaved, and then were still

"Now, my son-in-law, it is your turn," said he, when the tree had stopped swaying and he had slipped to the ground. "Go high up on the tree—higher than I did—and I will give you a fine swing."

"I do not want to go higher than you, father-in-law," said Tulchuherris. "This is new sport to me. I may not be able to hold on well."

"Go just a little higher," coaxed Sas. "You do not know how much better the motion is up there. When I was as young as you I went clear to the top."

Tulchuherris went only a little higher than Sas had gone. Sas coaxed in vain. At last Sas pulled the tree toward him, bent low with his back to the trunk, and released it. It sprang to its full height, then far over on the other side. Tulchuherris swung to and fro dizzily. But he held on.

"Now, father-in-law, it is your turn," he called as he came down. "Go higher. I will promise to go as high as you do."

Sas climbed a little higher. He pretended to be very much afraid.

"Be careful, my son-in-law!" he cried. "Remember, I am an old man. This is very high for me. I cannot hold on well. Swing gently." Tulchuherris leaped to the branch, pulled down the tree, bent his back, let fly. The tree sprang into the sky and rocked to and fro in the air. Sas held on.

"That was a fine swing. It was hard on my old arms, but it has made me feel young again. Go clear to the top this time. Then I will go to the top in my turn."

"I'm afraid, father-in-law," said Tulchuherris. "But I will go to the top if you will."

He climbed the tree. As he went, Winishuyat warned him.

"Sas is determined to kill you this time. Do not let him swing you. Slip down when he turns his back."

Tulchuherris climbed to the top. He was not seen among the leafy branches. Sas leaped, forgetting his age, caught branch after branch, and bent his back to pull down the top. Tulchuherris slipped down behind him as nimbly as a gopher. The tree sprang into the sky with a roar. Sas turned. Tulchuherris, hidden behind the trunk of the tree, was nowhere to be seen.

"I have shot him off the earth," said Sas.

He began to walk toward Saskewil.

"Ah, my son-in-law, Tulchuherris," he chanted as he went. "I have finished you this time. You escaped my servants, my wife, and my children; you could not escape Sas himself. You were brought up in your grandmother's apron. You knew nothing; I know everything. You were weak; I am strong. You are nobody; I am Sas."

Tulchuherris came up behind him.

"What is that you are saying, father-in-law?" he asked.

"And where are you going? It is your turn to swing. You are not going to let me beat you, are you?—I, your son-in-law, who never played this game before?"

Sas said not a word. He turned and went back. He climbed the tree, clear to the top.

"Now!" whispered Winishuyat.

Tulchuherris was sorry, but the work had to be done. He put forth his strength. He swept the ground with the top of the tree. He let it fly back into the sky. It roared as it rushed aloft. A great wind went with it. While it yet waved wildly to and fro a mighty crash was heard. The whole earth shook and trembled with it. Every living creature sought shelter, and, cowering, whispered:

"That is Tulchuherris killing Sas."

Tulchuherris stood waiting until the earth should stop trembling. He waited three hours, rocking to and fro with the rocking earth. Then he heard a voice from the sky.

"You have conquered, my son-in-law," it said. "You have broken me in two. I can withstand you no longer. One last thing I ask of you. Give me your foxskin headdress."

Tulchuherris took it off and threw it up into the sky to Sas. Then he spoke his commands.

"Stay there in the sky," he directed. "Travel from east to west. In the east is a place full of fire. Go there

every morning; warm yourself. Light your torch there and carry it all day through the sky, that men may see you as you go. As you come up from the east they will see first the rays of my foxskin head-dress, before they see you. They will remember that I sent you. You will look upon all things as you travel, but you will always be alone. At night you will go down into the Big Water in the west. It is well you are broken in two. The earth has long waited for this to be done, but no one was strong enough to do it. Now you will obey, and keep your path."

Then he heard another voice—a voice smaller and fainter. It was the smaller part of Sas talking.

"My son-in-law, you have conquered. What do you give to me as your last gift? I should like your quartz headdress."

Tulchuherris took the quartz headdress out of his pocket and tossed it into the sky.

"You, too, shall travel from east to west," he said. "But you will grow old in a few days and die. You will come to life again, and you will live many lives, growing old and dying."

Then Tulchuherris called his dogs and set forth for home. He did not go back to Saskewil. One of Sas's daughters was glad not to see him again; the other still watches for him.

In the west the old grandmother sat over her fire of

wild sunflower roots, rocking her buckskin apron in her arms.

"Tsok-tso, tsok-tso, tsok-tso!" she crooned.

Then she looked up and saw Tulchuherris coming from the east, with Sas holding a flaming torch above him to light his way.

THE ICE KING

(A Micmac Legend)

ONCE there was a large town on the banks of a river. A cold winter came, and the people suffered greatly. All the wood they had laid in was soon burned.

At first the children went to the forest for more wood, but their noses froze, and their ears. The women went next, but the cold was too much for them, too. Their hands became so badly frozen they could not work.

Then the men went, but even they were soon overcome. The forest was far, the cold was terrible; some of the men fell by the way and were frozen stiff. The people huddled around their scanty fires, hungry and shivering. They died, one after another. Only a few of the strongest survived.

At last spring came. The snow got full of little holes, melted, and ran away. It ran over the top of the river bank into the river. In all the small streams the ice was softening. It piled up at the mouths of the brooks, fell over into the river—crash, crackle, smash—the noise was all about. The river was full of cakes of ice, grinding against one another. Up on the level above the banks,

pools of water lay shining. The wind puffed across them, and filled them with waves. The bluebirds came back and built nests. Everywhere was the wet, sweet smell of melting snow.

One of the men who had lived through the winter found a great ice cake that would not melt. In a deep fissure of the bank, where it was safe from the warm sun, it lay, and down there it kept winter. The man went every day to see if it had moved yet. He hated the sight of it. It spoiled the spring season and made him remember the friends and kinsmen he had lost.

He made himself a long pole from a straight young pine tree, and tried to push the ice cake down into the river. It would not stir. Again and again he tried. Finally he gave up everything else and resolved to work at it until he conquered it. He pried with his pole and chopped with his hatchet.

"Be off, now!" he commanded. "You are staying too long. I hate you. I will not have you."

He chopped and chopped. The cold splinters flew into his face.

"Oh, yes! You think you can do some more harm! Well, you can't. Freeze away! Do your worst! I am not afraid of you."

The ice cake yielded a little. The man pushed harder than ever with his long pole. Although he was standing

In the spray he saw the Ice King riding on the block of ice

on the ice itself, he was warm with effort. The cake moved faster and faster—he almost went into the river with it. He sprang to the bank and gave it one last kick as it moved off. As it fell into the river a great spray arose. In the spray he saw the Ice King riding on the block of ice.

"Thank you!" he heard the Ice King call, above the noise of the river. "You have set me free at last. Now I can go where I belong. But beware! He whom you hate will come again next winter."

The man decided he would be ready for the visit. He built himself a fine strong wigwam in the woods, near a spring of good water; he mended every hole in the walls, and made them tight and thick. Many trees he chopped,

making a huge pile of firewood. He saved the fat of the animals he killed, melted it, and put the oil away for winter. He had warm fur clothes, and plenty of dried meat.

When the Ice King began his advance the man knew it from many signs, though the enemy kept himself in ambush. The ground grew hard and black. In the early morning it was white. By and by it was white all day. The surface of the lake crinkled over, filled with spikes, grew stiff, and moved no more. The river hardened along the edges, then farther out—at last even in the middle. To fish the man had to cut holes in the ice. But he ate well, kept a good fire, and watched for his enemy.

The Ice King grew bolder. He laid his hand on the walls of the wigwam and turned them to stone. But that only kept the heat in better. He froze the meat and berries; but the fire thawed them. He threw darts at the man; but the fur clothing turned them back.

At last, one night, the Ice King came boldly into the lodge. As he advanced the earth cracked beneath his footsteps. The walls of the wigwam clattered. He came in and sat down, spreading a white rug for himself. The cold from his body and his icy breath shook the skin of the man.

The man could hardly move to reach the wood pile. He felt stupid; suddenly he roused himself, and with a

mighty effort reached out for the bowl of oil near by. For this he had kept it. He threw a handful on the dying fire, which instantly roared and leaped to the roof. The Ice King turned away his face and blinked. New life came into the man's limbs. He threw another handful of oil on the fire. Then he got wood. He fed the fire with branch after branch, and the fire ate all greedily. The Ice King hitched back from the heat and glare.

More oil—more wood. The flames licked the roof of the wigwam. The Ice King was sweating and gasping. He hitched back again. At last he hitched right into the wall of the wigwam and could go no farther. The sweat poured from him in streams, and ran out under the side of the lodge. His strength was leaving him. He spoke in a weak voice:

"You are victor. Let me go."

The man raked the fire away from the side where his visitor was sitting. The Ice King moved toward the door.

"You have conquered me fairly," he said. "I shall not trouble you again. Henceforth you are master." He slipped out of the wigwam, leaving only a little wet track behind him.

After that the man had no more fear of the winter. He needed no moccasins, cap, nor mittens. It was always summer with him.

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The Ice King was sweating and gasping

HOW THE BEAR FAMILY GOT ITS NAME

(A Totem Tale)

MY great-grandmother's name was Bear. She was very proud of the fact, and often talked to us about it. We boys must be brave hunters and skillful fishers, because the men of the Bear family had always been great hunters and skillful fishers. The girls must sew well, and especially know how to dry meat and berries, for so the women of the Bear family had always done. On rainy evenings, when we all sat around the lodge fire, we would say to the old woman, nodding in the smoke, "Grandmother, tell us: How do we come to be called Bears? Are any of the wild bears in the mountains relatives of ours?"

And then she would tell us this story:

"Long ago there was a large Indian village on the banks of a river. In it lived an orphan boy who had no special home. However, all were kind to him; he was welcome in every lodge. He would live in one for a week or two, and then, some one inviting him, would live in another. But no one person had charge of him.

"One day, late in the fall, when winter was drawing

near and the leaves had all fallen to the ground, this little boy went to the woods to gather berries. Many had been there before him, laying in supplies for the winter, and he had to go far before he found any fruit. The wind-stripped trees, letting in plenty of sunlight, made the woods look open and harmless, so he wandered farther than he knew.

"When it began to grow dark and cold he turned to go home. All about him stretched trees and trees—and yet more trees—as far as he could see. Under foot the earth was deep in leaves. He could not find his own trail; he did not know where the village was. He was lost in the woods, on the edge of night and of winter.

"Night fell. He shivered, and cried for the mother he had never known. At last, through his tears, he saw a light shining. He dashed his hand across his eyes. The light still shone. He hurried toward it. Yes, there was a lodge.

"Within, by the fire, sat a woman and two boys. The woman told him to enter. The boys danced around him, for joy that they had a new comrade. He was given dried berries and dried meat to eat, and lay down between the boys to sleep.

"In the morning he looked with new eyes on the people who had been so kind to him. Then he saw that it was not an old woman who had taken him in, but a she-bear, and that the two boys were two cubs. However, they

knew how to play as well as any boy, and so the three romped together until the mother bear chased them out of the lodge—or the den, as it now showed itself to be—to play in the open air where the noise would not split her ears. The she-bear was very kind to the little boy who had sought her shelter. She fed him when she fed her cubs, and he was warm and comfortable. He stayed with the bears all winter.

"Back in the village the people missed him, after a day or so; but although they searched for him they could not find him. They gave him up for lost.

"At last spring came, and the whole village was astir. This was the time of year when the smelts came up the river and into all the little fresh-water streams to lay their eggs. They came in crowds, and both bears and Indians went to catch them.

"Sometimes the Indians shot the bears while they were busy catching fish, and thus got good fur and meat. This was the good luck one hunter expected as he came to a little stream in the depths of the woods, and saw the tracks of a bear and two cubs. They showed plainly in the springtime mud. But how was this? Beside them were the marks of a boy's naked feet.

"'Here is a strange thing,' said the hunter to himself. 'I will watch and see what more happens.' He hid himself in some bushes on the bank.

And so the three romped together until the mother bear chased them out of the lodge

"Presently he heard the crackling of broken twigs, then the thud-thud of heavy steps, and looking out he saw a she-bear coming down to the opposite bank of the brook. With her were two cubs and the missing boy. He was talking to the cubs as he pattered along beside them. The man could hear and understand all he said, and the boy seemed to understand all the cubs said; but to the man the sound the cubs made was just an unmeaning animal mutter.

"When she got down to the brook the mother bear waded in and sat down in the water, her broad haunches filling up much of the bed of the brook, and her forepaws spread out on either side. Thus she made a dam of herself, and the fish, swimming hastily up the stream, in a blind hurry to lay their eggs and be off home again, dashed full

against her. She threw them out on the bank with her paws. Behind her stood the little boy, his brown legs wide apart, catching those that escaped her. The two cubs danced about on the banks, stuffing themselves full of fish.

"The old bear was having fine sport.

"'There they come! There they come!' she shouted, and splashed like mad. The air was full of shining drops of water and shining fish, curving from her paws to the bank. She threw them in a fast glittering shower—threw them faster than a fisherman throws them from a net.

"The hunter went home and told his people what he had seen. They held a council. It was hard to think how they could get the boy without enraging the old bear, who might hurt him if she were made desperate. Many pipes they smoked over it. At last they decided on a plan.

"Next day toward sunset—for the fish come up most wildly as the dark draws near—twenty strong men set out for the brook in the depths of the woods. They went a long way around, so as not to cross the bear's tracks or let her get scent of them. They hid themselves in the bushes on each side of the brook.

"The old bear swung into view, her cubs lumbering after her. Beside them ran the little boy, naked, and light on his feet. To the edge of the brook they came; in plunged the old bear. Splash! the water wet the leaves far off as she flopped down.

"The boy stood behind her, and, spreading out her paws, she began to fish. The water rushed, the little bears danced, the fish flew out of the water and beat the ground with their tails. The old bear slapped fast, shouting and growling for joy. How could she hear the hunters closing in on her?

"They made a great circle on both sides of the brook. They made a narrower circle — narrower yet — they were upon her. They seized her boy, his brown body wet and slippery.

"The old bear rose on her hind legs, the water spiking her fur and dropping off the points into the brook again. She growled in her throat. Red and angry her little eyes were. She turned them on the boy she had nursed, and their look changed. After all, these were his own people. That is what she must have thought, for she did not fight. She dropped to her four legs, hung her head, and shambled off. She went slowly. She was not afraid; and no one hurt her.

"Once she stopped and looked at the little boy. He was struggling like a wild thing, biting and scratching as his brothers in the den had taught him to do. The bear hung her head again, but not so low. She looked to see if her own two cubs were close by her side, and together they disappeared into the woods.

"Eh, that was a wild boy they had on their hands!

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The air was full of shining drops of water and shining fish

He had not forgotten how to talk, but he liked his food raw and he liked to go without clothes. All over his little naked body small black hairs were sprouting.

"But every one was so kind to him that at last he grew tame and quiet. He became a mighty hunter, but he would never hunt bears. Neither would he ever allow the old mother bear or her two cubs to be hurt. Often, in the winters, he carried food to their den. He was called the Bear, and we, who belonged to his family, who are of his blood, are called Bears to this day. All the Bears in the woods and in the mountains are our friends, and never do we hurt them."

HAWT, OR THE GREAT WORLD CONCERT

WAIDA DIKIT lived all alone on the side of a small mountain. A little stream rushed foaming past his door. It was full of bright pebbles. Here and there a large flat stone lay in it, with quiet places underneath where a full-fed fish might rest.

After a time Waida Dikit grew tired of living alone, so he built himself a fine sweat house, to which he could invite people. He painted the east side of it with paint made of red earth. It glowed in the morning sun, and even in the afternoon it looked warm. The west side he painted green, with green earth. Bushes grew out of this earth and waved softly over all that side of the house. It looked cool and quiet when all the western sky was hot.

When he had made everything ready he went to see his relative Tsaroki—he whose spirit moves in the brown-green snakes.

"My son-in-law," said Waida Dikit, "I should like to have you come and make me a little visit. I live alone on the mountain side. I have not much to give you, but I have food, and we can visit pleasantly."

Tsaroki went with him. When he first saw the sweat house it was small—just such a sweat house as you would

expect a lonely person to have, one who did not look for more than two or three friends at a time. They both went into this house, and Waida Dikit sat on the east side, while Tsaroki sat on the west.

After they had eaten a little, and smoked, Waida gave Tsaroki a flute to play upon. Tsaroki had never handled a flute before, and he hardly knew what to do with it; but as soon as he touched his lips to it, beautiful music came from it. He was so pleased that he could not stop playing. He could not eat nor drink. He played three days and three nights without stopping.

When at last he stopped, very weary, Waida Dikit gave him food, and as they sat smoking together afterward, he remarked:

"How is it, my son-in-law, would you not like to have some one hear how you can play? Would it not be pleasant to have a young man about your own age join us here?"

"I think I should like that," Tsaroki answered. "If there were another young man here we could both play, and then we could talk about many things. It would amuse you, too, my father-in-law."

"I think it will be well for you to go at once, then, to invite another man. Go to-night, in the middle of the night."

"But how shall I find my way, father-in-law? And who is this man I am to invite?"

"You will soon discover that for yourself," Waida Dikit told him. "Go west to-night to the old woman, your grandmother. Ask her where your brother is."

"But I do not know this grandmother. I have never visited her. I could never find her in the dark."

"Nevertheless, it is thus you must look for her," said Waida Dikit firmly. "I cannot explain everything to you, but I can set you on the trail. The night is dark, and her house is small,— but you will not miss it. It is far away, but you will go quickly."

All the afternoon the young man played on his flute, thinking over Waida Dikit's words. He played softly so as not to interrupt his own thoughts—he was half afraid of them.

At last night came. The east side of the house was as black as the west. Clouds were in the sky. No stars shone. Straight west from the door of the sweat house ran a little sand trail. Though there was no light it glimmered on the ground, pointing straight to the west. The earth all round was dark, the air overhead was dark; but the little trail shone with its own light.

Tsaroki went out over it. He cut his way smoothly through the black night, following the shining pathway. At the end of the path he found a small bark house. Within lay an old woman by the dying fire, asleep. Tsaroki entered and sat down quietly. He did not speak. He

was filled with wonder. At last the old woman turned over and peered through the dimness at him. She sat up, and stirred the fire to make more light.

"I see some one sitting over there," she quavered. "Who is it?"

"It is Tsaroki, grandmother. Waida Dikit sent me to ask you where my brother lives. He said you would know. He wants to invite him to his house for a little visit."

"You must go farther west," said the old woman. "Straight west, as you came here. There is no longer any trail, but you have been traveling west so long that you will know how to go on. Go now; do not wait. Waida Dikit will want you to invite him to-night."

Tsaroki went west. It was dark all about him, but he went straight. Presently he came to a large open space. The air was thick, and seemed to move. It was dark, but the people in it could see each other. There were many people, all moving, all busy. Some were sharpening arrowheads, wearing away the stone; others were dressing skins. All moved in curves, and silently. Tsaroki felt the air smoothing his face as it moved, felt the people lightly touch him as they moved.

In the center of the open place was a still space, and here a tall man was standing. He watched the people and kept them at work, but he himself did no work. This

was Hawt, Tsaroki's brother, whom he had come to seek, and these were his people. This was Hawt, the Spirit of the Waters.

Tsaroki did not know what to do. How could he reach his brother and deliver his message without being seen by all the people? On the edge of the open space, in the moving darkness, he stood thinking.

A way occurred to him. He slipped down into the earth, that here was moist and soft, slid through it, and came up at Hawt's feet. He made no sound, and where everything was moving it was wonderful that Hawt noticed the faint stir of the mud at his feet. He looked down and saw Tsaroki.

"Waida Dikit sent me," Tsaroki explained, whispering softly from the ground. "He would like to have you come and visit him. I will play for you on his flute."

"Who told you where to find me?" Hawt asked. "And how shall I find my way to Waida Dikit's house?"

"The old grandmother in the bark house told me where you were. I will meet you there and show you the way to Waida Dikit's."

Tsaroki slipped back into the ground, and slid through under Hawt's people. They never knew he had been there at all.

Hawt told them merely that he was going away for a few days; then he, too, was gone. At the old grandmother's

house he met Tsaroki. He sat down, as the other had already done, and both young men sat there silent for a long time, waiting for the grandmother to speak.

"Now go," she told them at last. "It will soon be day, and Waida Dikit will not yet want every one to know what is happening. I shall stay at home, but I shall see and hear all you do."

Day was just breaking as they came to Waida Dikit's house, but he was already up and combing his long red hair. It reached almost to his feet. He greeted the young men cordially, and gave them some breakfast. Then Tsaroki began to play. He played and played, while Hawt stood listening, not knowing quite what to do with himself.

"Lie down north of the fire," Waida Dikit directed him. "Be comfortable while you listen."

And this was well, because Tsaroki played two days and two nights without stopping.

"Let Hawt play a little," then said Waida Dikit; and Tsaroki passed the flute to Hawt.

As soon as it touched the young man's lips it gave forth exquisite sounds, very soft at first, but presently louder and clearer. Sometimes the little flute roared as he blew into it. For ten days and nights Hawt and Tsaroki practiced, first one and then the other. Waida Dikit listened, smoking his pipe, well pleased. At last he said:

"My children, you have done well, but I think that

you can do better. I have a friend, Old Man Weasel, who knows much about playing. Go, Tsaroki, and ask him to come over here and teach you."

Tsaroki went to the northeast and found Old Man Weasel at home, lying on his back and playing beautifully upon his flute.

"Waida Dikit sent me," Tsaroki explained. "He wants you to come to his house and play for us. Hawt is there, practicing."

"I will go," said Old Man Weasel.

He wriggled quickly into the ground, and rose at Waida Dikit's feet. His host spread a mat for him next to his own place, near the fire, and offered him food and a pipe. While they smoked and talked the two young men played softly. In the smoky dimness of the lodge Old Man Weasel gave out a light like a torch. He was a grandfather to the North Star.

"My friend," said Waida Dikit at last, "these boys of mine play pretty well, but you could teach them to play better. That is why I sent for you."

"I am old. I cannot play as I could when I was younger. But I will try."

Old Man Weasel lay on his back and began to play on his own flute. He played all that night, all the next day, and all the next night again.

In the morning of the second day, just at dawn, Tsaroki

He found Old Man Weasel lying on his back and playing beautifully on his flute

saw a light stripe down the Old Man's breast. At sunrise it was white. He had played all the breath out of his body.

"I think we have three good players here," said Waida Dikit, after breakfast. "I should like to hear if there are any better players in the world. Let us invite every one who can play, and let us give each one a trial. Then we can decide who plays best."

"But what will you do with them all?" asked Old Man Weasel, looking around. "Your home is not very large."

Tsaroki went northwest, first, to Deer House. Inside he heard stamping, as if many persons were dancing, and when he looked in he saw, indeed, many persons, but they were sitting around the wall. Only two were dancing—an

old woman and a young girl. The young girl had fawn's teeth tied behind her head, and these rattled gayly when she danced. Old Man Deer lay north of the fire, looking on. Tsaroki went up to him.

"Waida Dikit sent me," he announced. "He is going to have a flute-playing at his house. All who can play will be invited. He would be glad to have you come."

"Who is there already?" asked Old Man Deer.

"Old Man Weasel is there, and Hawt. They play beautifully."

"I will come," said Old Man Deer.

Tsaroki would not wait to eat and smoke. Waida Dikit himself was to invite all the people who lived in the water, but Tsaroki had to invite all the land people. This was a big task, and he got very tired; so he asked Wood Dove to carry some of the invitations for him.

Wood Dove went all around the world, up to where the sky comes down, inviting everybody. At last all three returned to Waida Dikit's house. They were tired and hungry.

As they sat eating and resting, Wood Dove exclaimed:

"Oh, but this is a large world! I never knew before how large it is. I went far, but it goes farther than I went. I was two whole days without water or food, but I have not yet seen all the world. However, I invited all the people I could find."

By this time many of the guests had arrived, and sat listening to all that was said. Humming Bird sat there, over on one side. He was a little man, but he felt powers within himself.

"Did you manage to invite North Star?" asked Waida Dikit.

"Now, I ask you, how could I do that?" said Wood Dove. He was very tired and he knew that as it was he had done a great deal. "North Star lives farther than the end of the world, and as it is, I was two whole days without water or food."

"It is hard work," agreed Waida Dikit. "Did you invite Jack Rabbit, or Coyote?"

"No, I did not," jerked out Wood Dove. "They live almost as far as North Star, and I tell you I was two days without water or food. But I invited many persons. See how many are coming now."

Sure enough, crowds of people were coming to the sweat house. They crept up from the earth; they swam through the water; they flew down from above. But no matter how many there were, there was plenty of room for them. Every time a new group arrived, Waida Dikit blew out his cheeks and said:

"I wish this sweat house to be bigger."

It grew larger at once. There was room for everybody, although there seemed to be no end to the number of

persons who kept arriving. All talked about North Star—who was he, and how was he to be invited? And who would go for Jack Rabbit and Coyote? They lived beyond the sky.

Humming Bird sat back and listened. He said nothing. They talked all night, but no one offered to go. Each one thought some one else ought to do it. At last one said:

"Let us ask that little man over there. He says nothing, and looks wise."

Waida Dikit spoke to him.

"Humming Bird, will you go on this errand for us? Can you do it?"

Humming Bird lifted one eyebrow languidly. He meant yes by this. To himself he said:

"Why did they not ask me before? Could they not see at once that I was the man for the work?"

Waida Dikit gave Humming Bird a blue flower as a reward for his kindness in undertaking a difficult errand. Humming Bird took it, crushed it between his hands, and made a lovely blue paste. With this he painted himself all over. To this day Humming Bird is blue—a blue made out of flowers, as any one can see. He spoke for the first time.

"Look at me, people."

Every one looked. He stood on the west side of the sweat house. The green light poured through on his body. He seemed to quiver with color.

"You are beautiful!" cried out all the people.

The light that poured in was new light. Day was just breaking. The east half of the sweat house was all rosy.

"I shall be back," cried Humming Bird, "before the sun touches the tops of those trees out there."

Wood Dove had been watching all this with a gloomy brow.

"Do you think you can go so far in a minute?" said he. "I traveled for two days without water or food, and I did not go so far. I know what I am talking about. What do you know about it? Have you ever tried it?"

Humming Bird did not answer. He made a swift rush for the door, went through it in a blink of blue light, and darted up into the sky. He had never traveled in the air before, but had always walked, as we do. He shot up, then down; east, then west. He twinkled and sparkled until the air seemed full of him.

"Ho! Now I am off!" he shouted, and sped north. The people rubbed their eyes and looked to see if he would not suddenly return upon them from some unexpected quarter. No; this time he was really gone.

He went first to North Star's house. It was dazzlingly bright in there—so bright that it made the morning sky dark. Even Humming Bird winked rapidly. His dress shone so blue that it was almost white.

Presently he made out that there were two young men

"Ho! Now I am off!" he shouted, and sped north

inside the house, though the face of one was so bright that he could not look upon it. This was North Star. The other was North, his brother. The brother never left the house, nor wandered about. He stayed faithfully at home. And North Star loved him so much that he was sure to return to him after every day's absence.

"The people at Waida Dikit's house asked me to come to you," explained Humming Bird, after he had been asked in and had taken his seat. "Almost the whole world is there to make music. They want you, too."

"Yes, I know all that," remarked North Star. "I have seen them travel to Waida Dikit's house. Before daylight I knew all you have told me. But I am glad to be asked. I will come; but my brother, here, will stay at home."

"I must go now. I have a promise to keep," said Humming Bird.

Nevertheless he did not go at once, but darted hither and thither above the clouds—through them like a piece of blue sky showing suddenly, then up again. He swooped down toward the earth and back, spun in the light from North Star's door, and was off like a lightning flash into the east.

Now Jack Rabbit and Coyote lived in another world beyond the sky, and almost at the edge of the second world. When Humming Bird came to the sky he bobbed against it with his bill, whirred his wings at it, and then, seeing that he could not fly through it, pried it up with a sky pole. He slipped through safely, but when it closed behind him it made a noise that shook the world. All the people at Waida Dikit's house heard it and wondered.

Humming Bird was too busy to wait. He flew straight on east, almost to the end of the second world, until he found Coyote and Jack Rabbit. All in a breath he delivered his message, hovering up and down in the air. Then calling out, "I 'll show you the way!" he darted westward.

Being in a hurry, he went in no more than two or three other directions first, pried up the sky in a jiffy, let it bang after him, and just as the sun rose over the mountains he appeared to the people at Waida Dikit's, a fluttering blue speck in the midst of the rosy dawn.

The guests he had called arrived in a more leisurely and dignified manner. Jack Rabbit and Coyote took two days to the journey, sending an arrow ahead of them to announce their coming.

No one saw them when they arrived; only their legs and shadows showed. No one knew when North Star came. He entered silently, with his brightness hid, and no one saw him.

Waida Dikit knew he was there, but no one else knew. He knew that all his guests had come, so he stood up in the mighty sweat house, which now arched away almost out of sight. He spoke, and though he spoke softly, every one heard his voice.

"I have invited you to hear some music," he said. "I see that you understand this, for you have all brought your flutes. Let each one play alone while all the others listen. When the concert is over we shall know who is the best player in the world."

It was agreed between Hawt and Tsaroki that Tsaroki should play first and Hawt last. Tsaroki played on Waida Dikit's flute, and played so well that all were silent with surprise. They never suspected Tsaroki had such talent.

Old Man Weasel played next, lying on his back and playing as he did when he was alone. He forgot the people in the sweat house, and played out his own quiet thoughts.

Yellow Hammer played next. It was night when he began, and he played until almost morning. The inside of the sweat house grew red; he had played until he was red and breathless. When he stopped the house grew dark, as if a fire had gone out.

Blue Jay played next; and at sunset, when the light outside was yellow and red, the light inside was all blue —his color filled it. He played until the blood was blue in him, and his dress has been blue ever since.

One after another all the people played, and when they had played as long as they could, each received a new color—Murope, the Bull Snake, became spotted; Jack Rabbit, roan; Master Fox, red, and Crying Loon, black.

All except Hawt had now played. The people, weary with days and nights of listening, had fallen asleep. Hawt slid into the ground, moved through it without awakening a single sleeper, and came up near the fire. He had no flute, but down each side of his body was a row of holes like the holes in the side of a flute. He lay on his back with his fingers covering these holes. He looked up through the smoke hole in the top of the sweat house to the night sky bending close above him. Quietly he began to take deep breaths, and let them escape again through the holes in his sides like softest sighs. As the thoughts flocked thick in his mind—as he felt again what all the music he had heard had made him feel—he

breathed deeper, and the music of his being grew louder.

Tsudi, the Mouse, was a light sleeper; often he rose in the night and walked about. He was the first to hear these sounds, but he thought he must be dreaming. He listened. They were too beautiful to belong to dreams of his. He nibbled softly at the finger of Hus, the Turkey Buzzard, who lay next him, and thus awakened him.

"Listen, listen!" he squeaked, shrill in his excitement. "Don't you hear the music? Who is making it?"

Hus was an old man, nearly bald. He was not easily excited. He sat up, lit his pipe, and kept quiet to think it over. Tsudi waked the rest, one after the other.

"Who is playing? Who is playing?" he kept asking, but no one could tell him. Each one felt for his own flute and hugged it tight—for the music sounded to each like the voice of his own flute speaking in beautiful tones.

"Is it Hawt?" some of them asked.

"No; Hawt has no flute," others answered.

Every one woke and sat wondering. Even North Star wished to know who this wonderful musician could be. He called Tsudi, who was running about near him, and gave him a hair from his beard.

"Hold this over the musician, and let us see who he is," he directed.

Tsudi ran off with the hair to the place whence the lovely sounds were coming. He held it up over Hawt;

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He held the hair over Hawt; at once it gave out a light like a torch

at once it gave out a light like a torch. All that the huddled people, peering out of the dark saw, was a man lying on his back. But he did not seem to be doing anything. His arms were crossed over his body, he had no flute, and his lips did not move. Nevertheless, a multitude of sweet sounds came from where he lay.

He played Blue Jay's song, North Star's song, Snake's song, even Jack Rabbit's and Coyote's—played the songs of all the people, played them better than the people themselves could play them. North Star longed for his brother at home; Humming Bird thought of skies and of flowers; Coyote grew almost modest. Sadness stole over all the people, but it was pleasant sadness. Their throats swelled as they listened.

Then Hawt played his own song. No one but himself knew that music, yet it carried a meaning for all. The people scarcely breathed, they scarcely thought—they seemed to themselves to be moving, moving through light and dark, through dim, whispering spaces to something, somewhere, that drew them. Now sternly, now joyfully, now swiftly, now slowly, but always moving, they pressed on toward something that drew them.

When Hawt stopped they cried out with one voice:

"Hawt is the master musician of the world! He alone knows the secret voices of our hearts. Hawt speaks for us all, and speaks beyond our power of speaking."

THE SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

IT has been pointed out by psychologists that the child, in its early, instinctive years, lives through the stages of experience which it took the primitive race of man centuries to traverse. For this reason the folk tales of primitive people furnish for the child's mind a mirror of itself. Rarely does it happen that the sophisticated, grown-up story-teller is able to give as much pleasure to the child as is contributed by the naïve historian of the childhood of a race. So the old stories are told over and over again, and the great world of childhood never tires of hearing them.

Here in America we are fortunate in having a fresh body of myths and folk lore peculiarly intimate in appeal. The heroes of Indian myth or legend are more real for the American child than the Greek or Norse gods of a vanished world; for the Indians still live within our boundaries, and their stories thus have a double reality. There is hardly any child who, with the help of a few feathers and a blanket, has not "played Indian." The ground is therefore well prepared for the teacher who wishes to bring home to the young student the deeper significance of the life of the Indians; to show the contrast between the life of primitive peoples and the life which the child is destined to lead, although for a brief time, in the world of the imagination, he is at one with this primitive world.

The fact remains that this large body of myth and legend has as yet been only slightly explored. Longfellow, of course, gave us a poetic classic in *Hiawatha*. James Fenimore Cooper, in the field of romantic history, produced other classics. But in the field of folk lore and legend there is no comparable achievement. There is no single book that stands out above another. Instead, there are many books of worth, each adding a little to the general store of knowledge and enjoyment.

Mrs. Washburne's collection is unusually successful. She has chosen her stories for their intrinsic interest and beauty, and her selection is important because it includes several distinctly marked types of the primitive folk tale. "The Flight from the Fourth to the Fifth World" is a legend woven about a creation myth. "Coyote and the Bear Maiden" is a story of magic, a feature common to all primitive races. "Scarface" and "Tulchuherris" are hero tales or wonder stories, introducing the element of adventure and the performance of incredible tasks. "The Ice King" represents the personification of a force of nature. "How the Bear Family got its Name" and "Hawt, or the Great World Concert" illustrate the close communion prevailing between men and animals and the imaginative endowment of animals with human characteristics common among primitive people.

It is obvious that these stories have for the most part passed beyond the earliest mythic stage; they belong to the legendary stage, and correspond to the larger mass of European folk lore.

The stories are so simply and beautifully told that there is little need of further suggestion. If the teacher will call attention to the fact that the stories have been taken from different tribes, each tribe having its own conception of life and its own tradition of its beginning in the far, far distant past, the young reader may gain a sense of the reality of experience underlying the charm of the story. One thing that every child should know is the name, and something of the life, of the tribe that formerly lived and hunted in the woods and fields, or pitched its tents beside the stream or river, where his town now stands. Professor Frederick Starr's little book on American Indians may be recommended as the best possible supplementary reference book in this respect. The following list of books is furnished for the young reader. The accounts of the Indians in the *Bureau of American Ethnology* or in the *United States Geographical and Geological Survey* constitute a fascinating source of enjoyment for the adult who is genuinely interested in the primitive life of the Indians, but these books, of course, would not be of much service in an elementary schoolroom.

BOOKS ABOUT AMERICAN INDIANS

Folk Tales and Legends

Chandler, Katherine. In the Reign of Coyote.

Compton, Margaret. American Indian Fairy Tales.

Connelley, William E. Indian Myths.

De Huff, Elizabeth W. Swift-Eagle of the Rio Grande.

Fairlie, Margaret C. Stories of the Seminoles.

Grinnell, George Bird. Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales. Blackfoot Lodge Tales.

Judd, Mary Catherine. Wigwam Stories.

Judson, Katharine B. Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest; Myths and Legends of Alaska; Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest; Myths and Legends of the Great Plains.

La Mere, Oliver, and Shinn, Harold B. Winnebago Stories.

Leland, Charles Godfrey. Algonquin Legends of New England.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. Hiawatha.

Proudfoot, Mary. Hiawatha Industrial Reader.

Warren, Maude Radford. Manabozho; The Great White Rabbit.

Wilson, Gilbert H. Myths of the Red Children.

History and Romance

Cooper, James Fenimore. The Leather Stocking Tales: The Deerslayer; The Pathfinder; The Pioneers; The Prairie; The Wept of Wish-ton Wish; Wyandotte.

Drake, Francis S. Indian History for Young Folks.

Eastman, Charles A. Indian Boyhood.

Grinnell, George Bird. The Story of the Indian.

Hinman, Elizabeth Egleston. Naya.

Jackson, Helen Hunt. Ramona; A Century of Dishonor.

Janvier, Thomas A. The Aztec Treasure House.

Munroe, Kirk. The Flamingo Feather.

Starr, Frederick. American Indians.